

Her Mother's Economy

By Clara Inez Deacon

Eunice always dreaded the coming of spring because there was always the distressing thought that just when all the living world was putting on its bravest and best she must go forth as usual wearing that old black leg-horn hat.

Eunice's mother had bought the hat which was the best of its kind to be had because it was always her rule to get the best or go without. In vain Eunice begged for cheaper things and the privilege of having them changed occasionally.

Mrs. Lys was English and obstinate. As she had been dressed she dressed her own daughter. The leg-horn hat had been turned and twisted and coaxed into some semblance to prevailing modes until Eunice was ashamed to take it to Miss Adams, who was so conscientious to spoil it and thus make necessary the buying of new head-gear.

This season the styles were varied and bewilderingly beautiful. Day after day Eunice lingered before the glittering plate glass windows of Miss Adams' millinery parlors whence long ago the black leg-horn had come to adorn and enshrine of youthfulness which to the very soul. She knew exactly the kind of hat she wanted—a white horsehair with a froth of willow plume about the crown. Miss Adams had just such a hat and it was marked \$20. Eunice had not seen the price, but Edith Benns had. In fact, Edith had tried on the wonderful hat.

"And, oh, it's the sweetest thing, really, Eunice!" Edith said. "And I looked—well, of course, it's out of the question for me. My mother can't afford \$20 hats, but your mother can. You ought to have it since you want it so badly. And anyway it's time you had a new hat. You must be deathly sick of that old leg-horn."

"I am," admitted Eunice, faintly, swallowing at a sob. "But mother thinks it will do very well for a while yet. And of course, it will. Eunice was loyal to her mother. "Only—only I do so want a new hat—this spring."

"Well," said Edith conclusively, "all I can say is, if you don't have one you



Desperation Had Lent Her Skill.

needn't expect Ward Royce to pay you much attention."

Eunice knew that her throat ached so miserably that she could not answer.

"I saw him with Belle White yesterday," Edith went on with the frank cruelty of youth and personal inexperience. "She was dressed to kill—everything new. You know that black hat we both liked so much—one of the first Miss Adams showed? Well, she had on that hat. And she looked stunning."

"Still Eunice did not answer. She went home helplessly unhappy to find her mother sitting in the cheerful company of an overflowing work-basket.

"I'm making over the sleeves of your shirtwaists, dear," she said. "I've found that by using a smaller pattern I can cut out all the worn places. The waist will wear for a good while yet. And I find," went on Mrs. Lys brightly, as if she were imparting the most pleasing information, "that I can turn your plaid skirt—it isn't faded a particle on the under side. That comes of buying the best material. Always remember that, dear. The plaid skirt will do very nicely to wear with your shirtwaists all summer."

Eunice's lips quivered. Ward would never look at her again. Men thought so much of girls being well-dressed.

"I suppose she said, meaning desperately one last appeal, 'that if I am to wear that old skirt and all those old waist, I can have a new hat to go with them, can't I, mother?'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Lys, looking at her daughter in frank amazement. "Why, child, she said, 'Why, I expect that hat to do you for two seasons yet. It is a very good hat indeed—much better than any I had when I was your age. I am surprised that you should be dissatisfied with it, Eunice.'"

Eunice was silent. But that night after she had gone to her room she sat a long time by the window, thinking and crying.

Eunice was very young and very deeply, very helplessly, she believed, in love. Suddenly there came the

HER BRAVE SOLDIER

By Clara Inez Deacon

Miss Molly Harrison had found the park a delightful place in the early forenoon hours. The squirrels were out in full force, every bird had its song, and such people as were about carried good-natured faces. Of all places to finish up the last three chapters of an interesting book the park had the lead.

And little Tot, six years old, Miss Molly's niece, had found the park a regular paradise. A quarter of a mile away Capt. Phil Dayton of the army, who had been invalided home from the Philippines, sat on a selected bench every morning and blessed the park.

"Please, sir, I'm lost!"

Captain Phil had finished his paper and laid it down beside him and was fairly nodding in sleep. He straightened up with a jerk and opened his eyes very wide at sight of the owner of the voice—little Tot. She stood before him with fingers clasped, a very solemn look on her face, and the suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"I say I'm lost," she repeated as the captain continued to stare.

"Oh, I see," he replied. "You came into the park alone and have got turned around and can't find the way out?"

"No, I didn't come alone. Aunt Molly came with me. I ran away from her and got losted. I've been walking miles and miles, but I can't find her again. She'll be awfully scared."

"And how about you—aren't you scared?"

"Oh, no. I knew I'd find somebody to take me home."

"And what is your name?"

"Aunt Foster. Do you think it's a nice name?"

"I surely do. How far do you live from the park?"

"Oh, we have to take a street car and the conductor charges me fare. He told Aunt Molly that I was no kid."

"Well, Miss Tot, I think the best thing we can do is to wait right here for a little time. Your aunt will surely be searching for you, and is apt to come this way. Besides, there will be a policeman along soon, and we can get him to help. Plenty of room for you to sit down here by me."

"Thank you, sir," said Tot with all the dignity of a married woman; and after taking a seat close beside him she continued.

"It wasn't a week ago that Aunt Molly told mamma that if she ever married it would be a brave soldier. You are brave, aren't you?"

"People have said so."

"Then that settles it. As soon as Auntie finds me I'll introduce you. I guess she's gone some other way. Let's walk and walk until we find her."

"They walked and walked and talked and talked, and strangely enough they encountered no one searching for a 'lost' girl. One of the entrances was reached at last, and the captain asked:

"Does this look like the place you usually come to at?"

"Why, it surely is," Tot answered. "Yes, I recognize it by that squirrel there. Now, all we've got to sit down on this bench and wait for auntie. She'll soon come a-living. But I must know your name or I can't introduce you."

"It's Captain Dayton, if you please."

"That's a nice name, and I know auntie will be pleased with it. She's pretty particular about names. My stars, there comes auntie now."

It was true. Aunt Molly and a solemn policeman were coming on the run, and just at that moment an auto came up and stopped at the entrance. There were two exclamations uttered that Captain Dayton did not forget for a year.

"Oh, Tot, my darling," from the half-distracted aunt.

"In the kidnapping business, eh—come along!" from the solemn policeman.

And while Aunt Molly was hugging Miss Tot and being hugged in return, the soldier was hustled into the auto and the chauffeur ordered to drive to a police station.

"Got him and it's a straight case," said the officer to the lieutenant at the desk.

Captain Dayton gave his name, address and profession. He had the documents with him as corroboration. The lieutenant was about to ask him taken to that way when an auto came chugging up and Miss Tot and Aunt Molly came hurrying in.

"You just let this gentleman go," ordered the little girl as she advanced and took the prisoner by the hand.

"I'm sure he didn't intend to—intend," said Aunt Molly, but could not do otherwise.

"And he wasn't trying to kidnap you," asked the officer of Miss Tot.

"Of course he wasn't! He was going home! Aunt Molly, this is Captain Dayton of the army, a perfect gentleman!"

A captain in the army, Dayton did not fail to follow up such an advantage as this. He captured a handsome young woman for a wife.

CHOOSING A GIFT

By Clara Inez Deacon

"Good morning, I am looking for 'The Rose-Colored World' in a pretty binding. Will you—"

"Oh, you are just the book-walker. I took you for a book clerk, you had such a knowing air. It must be very difficult to know all the authors and the color of the bindings they use. Please direct me to a clerk who will understand what a man like Henry, my husband, would care to read; although I think I shall by 'The Rose-Colored World' for it has such a pretty title."

"Thank you, I'll wait for that good-looking young man who is attending to the fidgety old person."

"Yes, Mr. Clerk, I am waiting. I am glad you are ready at last. For I was beginning to have doubts as to what I want to get for my husband. There are so many to choose from. I want something suitable for a gentleman who is very intellectual, so you must take lots of trouble to show me the very best."

"I'll give you an idea of what I want. It must not be too light and not too serious, nor so interesting that it will take his whole evening when he is reading it. If he is absorbed in a book I never have a chance to say a word to him. I get awfully jealous of his books sometimes. With you—"

"I'll wait until that person stops asking you questions. Some women have no idea of a book clerk's time."

"I may as well let you know that Henry Mr. Dodson is very particular about titles. For my part, I like romantic titles. 'The Rose-Colored World' sounds so pretty that I'll look at it. Is that—"

"Oh, that cover would never do—it would not harmonize with the cover of the library table. Now I shall have to begin all over again. If I had thought to bring that table cover with me—but one is so likely to lose a package carrying it at this time of the year."

"Now, what else have you?" "The Recall of Love" that sounds interesting. If it was 'The Call of Love' it would be even so much better. Haven't you a book of that name? Some one ought to write one. I believe I could write a book. I know so many interesting things about love and romance that I—"

"Not that one—we're not interested in the married life of the couple. I don't even know who they are, so why waste time on people one has never even heard of?"

"I almost think I should like to be a writer. I know so many interesting things about love and romance that I—"

"The Girl I Left Behind Me," you say? "Perhaps this book would remind him of the widow he used to know. She always pretended to him that she was a deep thinker—as if Henry cared for that!"

"I wish I had decided upon a necktie. I didn't know it would be such a bother to find a book. Now, you choose one and let me see whether I like it or not."

"What a pretty binding! 'The Gift Wife.' Well, no one gave me to Henry—he just found me at the Art Institute in one of the galleries, and I asked him to let me see his catalogue. Wasn't that romantic?"

"Very well, you may try again. 'The Second Wife' (Goodness! Take it away, quick! That book nearly wrecked our happiness. Some one lent it to Henry and I asked him if he would ever marry again. In case anything happened to me and he said 'Probably.' I told him I would never marry another man who even thought it possible to love twice in this existence or any other. I convinced him that one wife was enough, but I never want to see that book again! It gives me the shivers."

"I hope you don't think I am keeping you a long time—I know you'll find the right thing in the end. 'Caterpillar for Two'—cozy, but it might be difficult for me if he wanted me to try."

"Bride of the Nile. I wish it was Niagara—that's where we went. Have you one?"

"You are showing me so many that I can't look at them fast enough. 'The Coming Race.' Mercy, no! 'Oh, I wish Henry liked neckties better and books less. I could enjoy the tie with him and the book just keeps him reading when I want to talk to him."

"Woman's Wiles. No, that is a subject I don't care to have him read. I'll take the next thing you offer me with my eyes shut. Did you ever buy a book that way?"

"How to Keep Them for Profit. Of all things!"

"At least, it won't be so interesting that he'll spend the whole evening reading—I think I'll take it, although I like the title of that 'Not-Like-Other' thing better. I wonder if a necktie would have been more suitable after all."

When you wash your pretty glass pieces next time try dropping a few drops of bluing to the soap suds. Then wash your pieces in the ordinary manner.

You will like the way they will sparkle and how clear the glassware will look from this simple yet most effective treatment.

HE TOOK MEAN ADVANTAGE

By Clara Inez Deacon

Broker Banked "Friend's" Check Aid of the Borrower Thought He Had Protected His Money.

"See that heavily built guy who just came in?" said the broker to his friend in the cafe. "You may have noticed that he caught my eye, but passed on without a sign of recognition. Well, he's a promoter. He and I used to be great friends—ostensibly. He rushed into my office one afternoon in a state of great excitement, saying that a little deal he was putting through made \$50 necessary at once, and would I save him a little trouble by cashing a check for the sum. He always seemed to have plenty of money, so I gave him the cash and took his check. I did not see him again soon and on my depositing the check it came back marked 'No funds.' I looked up the bank, and found he had been a post-holder at one time. I deposited the check again and again it was returned. A week later I tried again with the same result. More for amusement than anything else, I sent the check to the bank for the fourth time, and this time it went through."

"Soon after that our friend calls me up on the telephone, and in the most outraged tone of voice asks what I mean by taking advantage of him that way. He said not to have been more indignant had I double-crossed him in a straight deal. And that explains why he no longer speaks to me."

EXPERT COWBOYS OF SPAIN

By Clara Inez Deacon

Mounted Herdsmen of the Andalusian Plains are Fine Looking Fellows and Skillful Horsemen.

The perfection of Spanish horsemanship is to be seen among the vaqueros, herders of the gauchos, by which various names the mounted herdsmen of the Andalusian plains are known—in brief, what we should call a cowboy. Every arm seems to maintain a large number of these, for each herd, flock or drove has its own herdsmen, goatherd, or swineherd, as the case may be. The vaqueros are a fine-looking lot of men. Tall, thin, light and loosely made, they look ideal horsemen—as, in point of fact, they are, though their mounts are poor.

The vaquero rides very high on a huge saddle, with a long stirrup and straight leg, using a single rein and a very heavy curb; but he has such beautiful hands that, although using this barbarous bit, he never cuts his horse's mouth about. It is different with the animal's sides, however, for he uses his spurs without mercy, and the white horses of which there are a large number—all have ominous red stains beneath the girths.

All the herdsmen who look after cattle carry a long lance called a garrocha, of thick and heavy wood, which, except when standing still, they always carry "in rest" and not "at the carry," presumably on account of its great length and possibly its weight. With this weapon—in the use of which he acquires amazing dexterity, the garrochista is able to control the most unruly brutes in his herd, not excepting the savage fighting bull—Wide World.

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Fire Alarm Calls. Directions for turning in Alarm. Break glass and turn the lever once around until it stops; you can only turn it one way. Do not turn in a second time, until lever has stopped moving.

Paying Taxes in Kind. The natives of the Congo pay their taxes in kind, as might be expected in a territory just beginning to be civilized. The value of domestic animals in that country is such that one wishes it were nearer London, in view of the high price of meat here. A bullock is valued at about 125 cts, a cow, 25 cts, a horse, 25 cts, a sheep, 12 cts. The camel commands the highest price, viz 25 cts.

Uncle Hiram to His Nephew. "Steve," said Uncle Hiram to his hopeful young nephew, "while I think of it let me tell you a little one, something that you can put down in your memory."

When you come to get grown up and in business for yourself, employing many people and hiring other people to look after them, bear this in mind when it comes to hiring bosses.

Whatever his other merits may be never hire a man for a boss unless he has a good sound health. A healthy, hearty man who is feeling good and cheerful himself all the time can get out of men twice the work that can be got by a man in poor health and feeling all the time sour and grumpy."

Should Be Binding Oath. For a devout and ironclad oath, the following administered to the officials of Slam, is not likely to be outdone: "May the blood flow from the veins, may crocodiles devour me, may I be condemned to carry water to the flames of hell in vessels without bottoms. After death may I enter into the body of a slave. May I suffer the harshest treatment during all times in years as numerous as the sands of the seas. May I be born deaf, dumb, and blind, and afflicted with dire maladies. May I also be thrown into NORAH—the lower regions—and tortured by Prea Yam, if I break the oath."

Thrift of a Corpse. A creepy story of the mysterious disappearance of a corpse comes from Vergeze, France. A short time ago a young woman named Alexandrine Laurent died at Vergeze, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery. A few days ago Alexandrine's mother died, and the relatives decided to bury her in the same grave as the daughter. When the grave was uncovered it was found that the bier had been turned upside down. The coffin, an oak one, was intact, and on being opened it was found to be empty. The girl's body has disappeared absolutely.

Farmers Buying Autos. The number of automobiles owned by farmers is growing rapidly. Out of 10,000 autos in Iowa, 5,000 are owned by farmers. Kansas farmers spent \$2,500,000 for automobiles during 1909, and \$2,750,000 in 1908. In one Nebraska town of 800 population, 40 autos were sold last year to farmers near the town and retired farmers in the town. Careful estimate of the number of automobiles owned by farmers in the entire United States is 75,000.

No Royalties Called "Baby." One noteworthy feature about royalties is that none have been called "baby." From their earliest years the royal children are always called by their names, or possibly by some pet name, but an English prince or princess is never called "baby" either by relatives or by his (or her) nurses. From the age of five a prince is called "sir" by his attendants, and a princess "madam."

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Society Meetings. Methodist Episcopal Church. Pastor Rev. James Avey, preaching, 10:30 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sabbath school, 9:45 a.m. Epworth League, 6:00 p.m. Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Rev. J. Humphrey Fleming, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church. Regular church services at 10:30 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. Sunday School immediately after morning service. Y. P. S. C. at 8 a.m. in Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. Vespers and Benediction at 7:00 p.m. J. J. Riss, Pastor.

Methodist Protestant Church. Rev. Wm. Terhune, Pastor. Services as follows: Preaching—Wednesday 7 p.m. All cordially invited to attend the above services.

Danish Rev. Lutheran Church. Rev. P. R. Kjolhede, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a.m. and 7:00 p.m. at 8 a.m. Biblical Lecture Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

St. Mary's Catholic Church. Services every first and third Sunday of the month. Confirmation on the preceding Sunday. On Sunday, mass at 10:45 o'clock. A Sunday School at 2:30 p.m. Vespers and Benediction at 7:00 p.m. J. J. Riss, Pastor.

Grayling Lodge No. 356 F. & A. M. Meets in regular communication on Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. JAMES J. COLLEN, W. M. J. F. HUM, Sec'y.

Marvin Post No. 240, G. A. R. Meets the second and fourth Saturdays in each month. A. L. POND, Adjutant.

Women's Relief Corps No. 162. Meets on the second and fourth Saturdays at 8 o'clock in the afternoon. MRS. AGNES HAVEN, Sec'y.

Grayling Chapter R. A. M. No. 120. Meets every third Tuesday in each month. J. F. HUM, Sec'y.

Grayling Lodge I. O. O. F. No. 187. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. PETER BORCHERS, Sec'y.

Crawford Tent, E. O. T. M. No. 192. Meets first and third Saturdays of each month. M. BRENNER, Sec'y.

Grayling Chapter O. E. S. No. 89. Meets Wednesday evening on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. MRS. ETTIE PHELPS, W. M. MISS ELANOR MIELSTADT, Sec'y.

Court Grayling, I. O. F. No. 780. Meets second and third Wednesdays of each month. A. W. HARRINGTON, G. R. MRS. ANNA HARRINGTON, R. S.

Companion Court Grayling No. 662 I. O. F. Meets the second and third Wednesdays each month at Macabee Hall, over H. B. Bensen's store. MRS. NELLIE MCNEVIN, Sec'y.

Crawford Hive, 690, L. O. T. M. M. Meets first and third Fridays of each month. NANCY DEERWOLD, W. M. EMMA AMOS, Record Keeper.

Garfield Circle, No. 16 Ladies of the G. A. R. Meets the second and fourth Friday evening in each month. ANNA HARRINGTON, President. BERTHA OAKS, Secretary.

Crawford County Grange, No. 934. Meets 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th and 11th Saturday of each month. PERRY OSTRAND, Master. GEO. W. BROTT, Secretary.

M. W. O. A. Camp No. 10428. Meets first and third Thursday evenings at G. A. R. Hall. C. O. McCULLOUGH, V. C. M. A. RATES, Clerk.

Grayling Rebekah Lodge No. 352 I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening. BERTHA CRANDALL, N. G. ADA BORCHERS, Sec'y.

Skandinavien F. F. Meets the 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month. PETER SVENSON, President. JOHN OLSON, Secretary.

Danebod Hall. Open Tuesday evening 8:30 to 10:30. Sunday 2:00 to 5:00 p.m. Young People Society meets at 8:00 p.m. and 10:00 p.m. every other Thursday evening. Receive all other Thursday evening.

Unity Lodge No. 1362 M. B. A. Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at the Macabee Hall. M. A. CRANDALL, P. M. P. D. BORCHERS, Sec'y.

Temple En-ampment No. 160. Meets every first and third Fridays of each month. C. O. McCULLOUGH, C. P. P. D. BORCHERS, Scribe.

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# The OLD CITY of PANAMA

By WILLIAM E. W. YERBY

**N**O visit to the Isthmus of Panama, nor to the canal, is complete without seeing the historic ruins of the Old City of Panama. In its day and time it was as important a city of the Americas as Venice was in Europe. The ruins are located some eight miles out from the New City of Panama—but new only in name, for it was founded nearly 300 years ago—before the Pilgrim fathers set foot upon the rock-bound coasts of this continent.

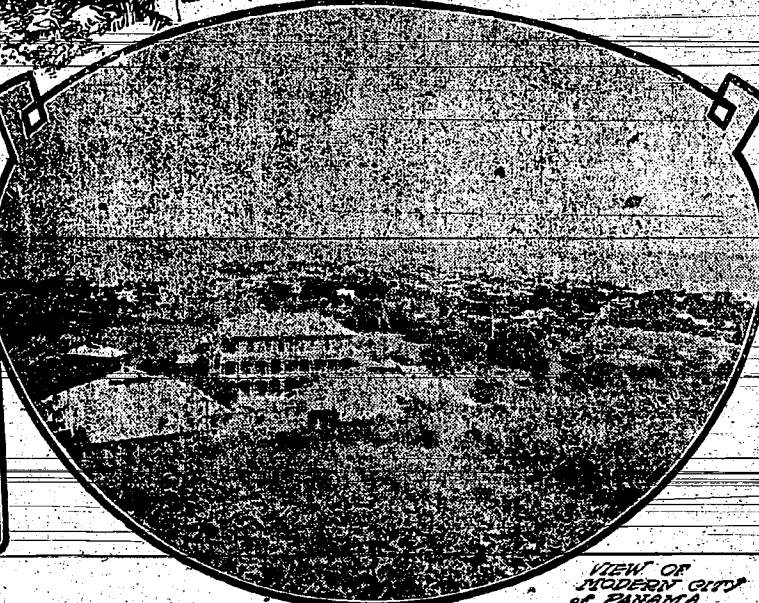
The vehicle in which one will make this eight-mile journey will speed along over a fine macadamized road for a distance of five miles, and then turn abruptly across the fields—up hills and down, through hollows, over rocks and bad roads for a distance of two miles, and then will come to a halt, being unable to proceed further on account of the roughness of the remainder of the way. We alighted from the carriage, tramped up a rocky eminence, went down into the valley, and then came to the beach of Panama bay. The tide was far out, leaving the white sand glistening beneath the



SCENE IN THE NEW CITY



WHITE HOUSE OF PANAMA



VIEW OF OLD CITY & PANAMA

rays of the sun, that was shining from a cloudless sky. This sand was soft and yielding under foot, and made walking hard and tiresome. But on up the beach we went, and came to the old sea wall that had been built there centuries ago to keep back the waves when winds were at war with the waters. Soon the frowning walls of what once served as a Spanish prison came to view, and climbing high up over the rocky embankment we entered the old dungeon, and as we stood therein we thought of the broken hearts and sighs and cries of agony that had, in the far distant past, ascended to heaven from within this cruel enclosure—how that hope had gone out of the human heart, and death had come as sweet relief to the prisoner here in this dark and dismal place—and how that the gay world had gone on outside, forgetful that he had ever lived and suffered and passed away.

Leaving this prison of the old time, we went further on up the beach and came to the ruined old castle, standing there on the seashore like some great, silent sentry, pointing backward and whispering to one of the days that are buried in the depths of the long ago. Here the governor of all the territory had resided—a Spanish nobleman in whose veins flowed the proudest blood of old Castile. In this very place he was surrounded by his numerous courtiers and bands of soldiers with clanging arms and trumpet calls, and proud lords and lovely ladies met here in nights gone by, and to the strains of sweetest music danced the hours away. But now, all is as quiet and noiseless as the stillness of death, only the soft breezes that pass gently through the foliage of the royal palms and the evergreen trees, and the faint murmur of the distant waves of the sea disturb the deep and solemn silence.

The great stones that form the castle walls, towering many feet high, with their barred windows and frowning porticoes commanding a view of the blue and restless waters as far as the eye can see, are the only tokens that man once resided here—for the ruler and his courtiers and his bands of soldiers—proud lords and lovely ladies of that far-off time, have all gone, and not one left to tell of their greatness and grandeur—their very names being blotted from the memory of man.

Only a short distance from the ruins of this silent old castle stands the wreck of the once beautiful cathedral, noble and heroic, its walls are of gray sandstone firmly cemented together.

In this ancient cathedral, that was built nearly 400 years ago by hands that have long since been idle, may yet be seen the baptismal font, where, in ages past, innocence was christened into religious life.

The chancel, where once stood the priest and ministered spiritual comfort to his flock, may yet be seen. All its former gaudy trappings, and the beautiful mural paintings have disappeared, and in the alcove above, where was once the statue of the Crucified One, only the barren stones of the temple look down upon you in mute blankness and eternal silence. Everything in and about this wrecked old cathedral speaks of departed splendor.

Yet it is still held in reverence, for to this good day the simple, childlike natives of this land of eternal summer bring their dead here, and within the enclosure of these old walls they com-

mit their bodies to the earth and garland their graves with the flowers of the tropics. The bleak old walls throw their shadows across many of the fast receding places of these natives who have laid life's burdens down and crossed over to the other side.

It was with a feeling of sadness and reluctance we left this place, so replete with memories of a bygone time—but there were other things to see—so, with a sigh of regret, we passed out, and forever from the portals of this once glorious cathedral and went forth into the tropical jungle. Here are to be seen the remains of the foundations of the residences and business houses of the people who once inhabited Old Panama. The friendly vegetation seems to be endeavoring to cover over and blot from the memory of the world these remaining evidences of the cruel and heartless deeds of the men of a distant age, who brought wreck and ruin to this erstwhile magnificent city.

And how came it about that this city was destroyed? Long, long ago, Sir Henry Morgan, an Englishman—the most noted buccaneer of all time—gathered together all the pirates that infested the Caribbean sea, to the number of 2,000 and sailed forth in quest of gain. First he attacked Old Providence, an island that sits abruptly out of the waters of the sea—and the place, where many of the terrible West Indian hurricanes are born—and after much hard fighting conquered the people and took what they had. Thence he and his thieving band went to Porto Bello and robbed that city; and then, after they had squandered their ill-gotten gains in riotous living they went forth once more with the conquest of Old Panama in view. At the time

it was a populous place, and said to have been the richest city in all the world—these riches having come from the gold fields of Peru and been stored there by the Spaniards.

And so it came to pass that Morgan and his band of bold buccaneers fought a great battle with the Spaniards who inhabited Old Panama and the surrounding country, and won the victory, though at a fearful cost. Hundreds of his men were slain, while it is recorded that 6,000 Spaniards perished on the field. After this victory Morgan and his men took possession of the city, robbed the people of all they could find, and then set fire to the houses. It is said that the conflagration lasted an entire week. Not a house was left standing—only the blackened walls of the once splendid castle and the wreck of the old cathedral remain to tell the story of the frightful havoc that was wrought by these murderous pirates of that distant day.

The old city was never rebuilt—the former inhabitants, who escaped the sword of the invaders, moved eight miles further down the coast and located on the spot where the populous Panama City of today is standing.

In the quiet hush of the late afternoon we left the place where once stood the rich and prosperous Old City, and as we returned to its successor, the New City of Panama, we looked back and could still see in the distance the grim old castle lifting its gray turrets skyward high above the surrounding country, and well it stands there today as it has stood through the centuries gone, silently testifying to the barbarous and inhuman conduct of the boldest and most daring buccaneer of all the ages.

## Homely Face Her Fortune

There are lots of instances where beauty is invariably beaten to the job when freckles may defy the massage-parlor grade of complexion.

How about the commercial demand for the unadorned? It is even very great, the agents say. The stenographer of one of the busiest managers of a large manufacturing concern in Chicago supplies at least a partial answer to these queries—She is tall and gaudy, freckled and spectacled. Each eye is watery and shows a tendency to peer in through the windows of the other's soul. She's got a streaky neck and a stringy figure. She has bony knuckles. She goes in where she should go out and out where she should go in.

Her employer regards her as the apple of his eye. You couldn't loosen his hold of her with a clasp knife. For a long time his attitude was a mystery to his friends, who were all enabled to become humorists through the inspiration of his stenographer. Then he proceeded to explain: "You see," he said, "I am in business for business, and I hire my stenographer for exactly the same reasons as I hire my foreman—because I figure them both out to be thoroughly efficient. When I was younger I hired many pretty girls because I like to have 'em around. But listen to this—I've never found a pretty girl who was really efficient in a business office. They think a

good deal upon the subject of themselves, and only a little bit on the work.

"Every visitor who comes into the office, too, is continually rubbing and gives that stenographer a better idea of herself than ever. She's always pulling down her shirt waist or fooling about her hair or rubbing chamomile skin on her nose or taking a look at herself in her little hand mirror. She counts a good deal upon her good looks to hold her job—and very often she counts right."

"You'll take bad punctuation from a pretty girl when you would never stand it from a plain one."

"And not only that," he went on, "she not only wastes her own time but that of everybody else in the office. The boys are always peeking over the glass windows at her."

"No," concluded this man, shaking his head, "from a business point of view your pretty girl is a failure. She's a bad speller, a time-waster and a disorganizer. Now, your homely girl," he went on, "is right down on to her job. She knows that if she doesn't nurse that nothing will save her. She can't think of her face, because that's fierce. She can't think of her shape, because she hasn't got any. She does think of her spelling, because that's her only hope. So usually your homely girl is a pretty good stenographer."

## NEARLY AS OLD AS HISTORY

Appearance of First Fan Is Lost in the Obscurity of the Early Ages.

The ownership and appearance of the first fan is lost in the obscurity of the early ages, but it is certain the fan must be nearly as old as the history of the world. Certain it is that Egyptian, Persian, and Babylonian adopted it. No doubt the fair Egypt-

ians found the fan a pleasant toy, and their lords had their fan-bearers in attendance. It remained for the Greeks and Romans to adapt the beauty of the peacock and pheasant feathers for the use of the fan. They made great display of precious stones in fan handles. The Japanese are credited with the invention of the folding fan many centuries ago. It is said, now truly one does not know that the modern folding fan

came from Venice, and that there originated the idea of ladies' fans and flowers used as ornaments, also decorated subjects, appropriate sentiments, even prayers and sacred verse. England is credited with importing the fan in the time of Richard II, but that is not an established fact. It is certain that Elizabeth owned many. There has been a list made of nearly fifty, and some of these were costly. It is reported that she let it be known that in her estimation the most acceptable gift for a queen was a fan.

glances coming next and according to the sticks of many of hers were enriched by mother of pearl and precious stones. At present the fan is not prominently in fashion.

The Irony of Fate. "What is your understanding of the irony of fate?" asked the bashful young man.

"Well," the beautiful girl replied, "two fellows should fight over me and it shouldn't get into the papers—it should think that was about it."

## Teacher That Turned Away His Scholars

**E**W. indeed have been the world's leaders that have given a cordial recognition to the leaders that were greater than they. They have not themselves been great enough to do this, especially when recognition of the greater leader meant of necessity a loss in their own prestige and following.

But John the Baptist was one of those few exceptional leaders. When he saw Jesus approaching, and declared solemnly to his own followers that Jesus was the Lamb of God, the long-expected Messiah, he knew well enough that his followers would leave him for the new teacher. He would have been ashamed of them if they had not done so. He would have meant that he had failed in his life-work, that he had been preaching John the Baptist rather than Christ.

And yet it was by no means easy for John to take this step, I am sure. For many years I have been secretary of a college faculty, and I know how hard it is even for college professors to advise the bright students away from their own classes.

Knew What It Meant. But John the Baptist did it, though it meant loneliness, though he knew that the whole world would go after the new teacher. He did it, though it meant prison and forgetfulness for himself. He was glad and proud that Christ was to increase, though it meant of necessity that he should decrease.

And John the Baptist did not speak under his breath, that few might hear him. He must have been a true leader, and he was the chosen herald of the Messiah. It was an on-again-off-again utterance. We may be certain, when the second Elijah made proclamation of the King.

Note, too, that the Baptist recognized, and would have all men recognize, the distinctive character of Christ. He did not summon men to the great miracle-worker, or the great teacher, or the great preacher and prophet. "Behold," he said, "the Lamb of God!" Christ was divine, and he was a sacrifice, and neither without the other. That is the one message of all that follow in the footsteps of John the Baptist.

"I knew him not," said John, introducing the Messiah. That was the second difficult thing he did to acknowledge his past blindness. This difficulty keeps many from confessing Christ—the confession is an acknowledgment that they have been wrong. "I have seen," said John. He beheld the Holy Spirit from heaven, and he heard the Spirit's testimony. John the Baptist had had an experience of his own. No one can bear witness to another man's experience, or be a herald upon another man's say-so.

Put Christ Before Himself.

And John the Baptist did the same thing the next day. A less sincere man would have satisfied his conscience with one proclamation, and would have kept his scholars. "There's the truth," most would say, "take it or leave it." Not so John the Baptist; he fairly drove his scholars from him to Christ. That is another reason why he was chosen to be Christ's herald.

Thus it is, today as in the day of John, that true teachers pass on their scholars to other teachers—that are able to carry them further, and ministers yield their church to other ministers that can preach the gospel more freshly, and friends introduce their friends to new acquaintances that will fascinate them, and parents give up their children to enter Christ's service ten thousand miles away. And this is to take the lesson from the other side, that you and I are called to leave friends and parents and ease and possessions, yea, and our John the Baptists, and enter with singleness of heart the one compelling allegiance of Jesus Christ. For he is the chiefest among ten thousand, and the One altogether lovely—Preacher's Helper.

## His Love Never Fails.

Heaven will be sweeter and more beautiful more to be desired because of the entrance through its shining portals of our loved ones. It will be easy for us some day to let go of this life and go to be with the multitude of the redeemed who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Let us think of the last and sweetest homecoming in the father's house of many mansions, where our dear ones are waiting for us, and some night, God knows how soon it may come, they will meet us with outstretched hands. May the blessed Christ come into our hearts more completely, and may we rest our weary souls on him. His breast has been a safe refuge for many a sorrowing heart, and his love never fails.

## Simplifying Life.

It is a great and helpful thing to recognize the sovereignty of God for this and all worlds, in the life which now is and in that which is to come. By recognizing his rule in and over us the way and work of life become immensely simplified. All questions of casuistry resolve themselves into the simple question of the will of God for us; and that, to one who steadfastly sets himself to know the will of God, is never long in doubt. The source of most perplexity in this world is a divided allegiance—Cesar and God. Singleness of eye is the foundation of clearness of vision; singleness of heart the foundation of successful living.

## Imaginative God.

Imagination will construct a God out of its own impressions. He will be bigger than a man, wiser than a man, but all in the terms of a man—Bishop F. S. Spalding, Episcopalian Salt Lake City, Utah.

## IN HER LINE.



Jack—when you play whist, do you not play for money?

Edna—No, for kisses.

Jack—Ah, how I admire a cheerful loser!

## HEAD SOLID MASS OF HUMOR

"I think the Cuticura Remedies are the best remedies for eczema I have ever heard of. My mother had a child who had a rash on its head when it was real young. Doctor called it baby rash. He gave us medicine, but it did no good. In a few days the head was a solid mass; a running sore. It was awful, the child cried continually. We had to hold him and watch him to keep him from scratching the sore. His suffering was dreadful. At last we remembered Cuticura Remedies. We got a dollar bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a bar of Cuticura Soap. We gave the Resolvent as directed, washed the head with the Cuticura Soap, and applied the Cuticura Ointment. We had not used half before the child's head was clear and free from eczema, and it has never come back again. His head was healthy and he had a beautiful head of hair. I think the Cuticura Ointment very good for the hair. It makes the hair grow and prevents falling hair." (Signed) Mrs. Francis Lund, Plain City, Ohio, Sept. 19, 1910. Send to the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., for free Cuticura Book on the treatment of skin and scalp troubles.

## Music Hall Losing Vogue.

Music halls have increased very little in the last few years. Some have gone back to drama. Others have been run partly by drama. Others have gone over to picture entertainment. The picture houses have not immensely added to their own by new buildings.—London Stage.

## IMPROVE CONDITIONS.

An interesting illustrated booklet will be mailed free to any lady or gentleman who will improve their financial condition, by small investments. It is a new and instructive and may benefit you. Only a few copies for free distribution. Write for one today. Address: W. H. Smith, 2341 South St., Chicago, Ill.

## Tasted Good.

"I saw John, the butcher, smacking his lips just now, as he went out. Had he been taking anything, Kellie?" asked the mistress.

"What was he doin', ma'am?" asked the pretty waiting girl.

"Smacking his lips."

"Sure, he'd just been smacking mine, ma'am!"—Yonkers Statesman.

## A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 25-cent bottle of Greenwald's Guaranteed Sore Throat if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. Your Druggist, My Druggist, Any Druggist in Michigan.

## Swimming Hole Defined.

Mrs. Suburb—What is a swimming hole?

Mr. Suburb—A body of water entirely surrounded by boys.—Suburban Life.

## LADIES CAN WEAR SHOES.

The size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes the tight new shoe feel like a slipper. For free trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Intends to Be Boss.

Maud—Do you intend to marry or to retain your liberty?

Ethel—Both.

## Sore Throat is no trifling ailment.

It will sometimes carry infection to the entire system through the food you eat. Hamlin's Wizard Oil cures Sore Throat.

## Take This to Heart.

Some men work harder trying to get out of doing a thing than it would take them to do it.—Exchange.

## FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

For a complete list of symptoms, send for a free copy of "The Files," a booklet of 100 pages, free of charge. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul.

Addison.

## For constipation, biliousness, liver dis-

turbance and diseases resulting from impure blood, take Garfield Tea.

## One kind of a brute is a man whose

fuses to flatter a woman.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

## It is more disgraceful to distrust

than to be deceived.—Rochester Courier.

## Remedies are Needed

Were we perfect, which we are not, medicines would not often be needed. But since our systems have become weakened, impaired and broken down through indiscretions which have gone on from the early age, through countless generations, remedies are needed to aid nature in correcting our debilitated and otherwise acquired weaknesses. To reach the seat of stomach weakness and consequent digestive troubles, there is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a glyceric compound, extracted from active medicinal roots—sold for over forty years with great satisfaction to all users. For Weak Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Pain in the Stomach after Eating, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Belching of Wind, Chronic Diarrhea and other intestinal Derangements, the "Discovery" is a food-proven and most efficient remedy.

## The genuine has on its outside wrapper the

Signature

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-dogmatic, medicine or known composition, not even though the urgent dealer may thereby make a little bigger profit.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take or candy.

## A MINISTER SPEAKS.

His Statement Should Convince the Most Skeptical.

Kidney sufferers should take fresh courage in reading the statement of Rev. Marion S. Foreman of Greenfield, Ind., given below. He speaks for the benefit of suffering humanity. Says he: "I had kidney trouble in a bad form and was unable to get relief until I began the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They did such good work that I strongly recommend them. I hope my testimonial will prove of benefit to other kidney sufferers."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers, 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## His Aspiration.

Richard, aged 12, Warburton, aged 14, and Gordon, aged 10, were discussing what they would do with a million dollars.

Richard said: "I would buy a motor boat."

Warburton said: "I would spend my million for music and theater tickets."

Gordon, the 10-year-old, sniffed at them derisively. "Humph!" said he. "I'd buy an automobile, and spend the rest in fines!"—Harper's Bazar.

## A Cautious Answer.

"Now Johnny," said the geography teacher, "what is the capital of Portugal?"

"I dun'no, Miss Flanders," said Johnny, "but from what I hear—tell of the extravagance of the late king they ain't much left!"—Harper's Weekly.

## Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

Coleridge.

## A cup of Starlight Tea before retiring

will insure that all-important measure, the daily cleaning of the system.

## Many a man who swears at a big monopoly is nourishing a little one.

Coleridge.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Will purify your blood, clear your complexion, restore your appetite, relieve your tired feeling, build you up. Be sure to take it this spring.

Get it in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsaparilla, 100 Doses \$1.

## Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Painful, unreliable, and only a few copies for free distribution. Write for one today. Address: W. H. Smith, 2341 South St., Chicago, Ill.

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## Crawford Avalanche.

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### Local and Neighbored News.

#### Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year in ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and can not be considered later.

Call on George Langevin for dry goods, to be promptly delivered.

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Order your coal of Salling, Hanson Co. Prices low, and prompt delivery.

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Geo. Langevin delivers St. Charles coal at your house. Phone 591.

#### Bates sells the best Coal.

Let me quote you a price on Royal or Asbestos Roofing, put on. F. R. Deckrow.

Beech and Maple Block Wood for furnaces. Leave orders with SALLING, HANSON COMPANY.

FOR SALE—Four houses in the village of Grayling, for particulars see or address T. BOESGN. mar2tf

Fine Bathroom Outfit in display window No. 400 Cedar street. F. R. Deckrow.

St. Charles Coal is the best ever brought to this market. For sale by Geo. Langevin, Phone No. 591.

Mrs. McElroy is feeling much better again. She is now ready for work. Ladies come and bring your combings.

Parties desiring to mate their breeding-hens with a first class Plymouth Rock mate, call on Nels Larson, south side. feb10-5t

When you have rheumatism in your feet or instep apply Chamberlain's Liniment and you will get quick relief. It costs but a quarter. Why suffer? For sale by all dealers.

Mrs. Maude Bellmore of Beaver Creek has a fine team which she offers for sale cheap. Address or call Mrs. Maude Bellmore, Wellington, Mich. mar2tf

Gentlemen when you get ready for a new suit, call in and see Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop over Colleen's Restaurant. A. E. Hendrickson. jan19-4t

FOR SALE—A good six room house and four lots in a good location and good repair, for \$800.00, a good deal less than the house would cost today. Call on or address

E. H. WAINWRIGHT.

Mrs. George Larson was called to Detroit last Saturday on account of the serious illness of her niece. At the latest advice there seemed little hope of her recovery.

The most common cause of insomnia is disorders of the stomach. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets correct these disorders and enable you to sleep. For sale by all dealers.

WANTED—50 cords of three foot Beech, Maple and Tamarack wood, delivered at the Court House yard. Inquire at once at the County Clerk's office. feb2

FOR SALE—A full line of buggies and harness for sale at my heavy barn. A few second hand rigs, and anything you want, new, from the factory. Call and if you do not find what you want in stock, find it in the catalogue. Geo. Langevin. jan26

I have bought the entire grocery stock of Silas Body, with all store accounts due to him, which are to be paid to me. New stock has been put in, and I am prepared to meet all calls. Come and see me at the grocery store on the south side of the river. feb23

WALTER JOHNSON.

If you have trouble in getting rid of your cold you may know that you are not treating it properly. There is no reason why a cold should hang on for weeks and it will not if you take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For sale by all dealers.

The Title Guaranty and Surety Co. of Brandon, Pa., is among the strongest in the world. Bonds for School, Township, County or state officials, written by them are accepted everywhere, and at so small a cost that no one need be dependent on the kindness of personal friends.

O. PALMER, Agent.

John W. Sicklesmith, Greensboro, Pa., has three children, and like most children they frequently take cold. "We have tried several kinds of cough medicine," he says, "but has never found any that did them as much good as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy." For sale by all dealers.

We have arranged with The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer so that our patrons can secure that sterling paper, together with our own, at the exceedingly low price of \$1.75 for one year. This is a rare opportunity and should be taken advantage of.

Do you know that of all the minor ailments colds are by far the most dangerous? It is the cold that leads you to feel, but the serious danger that it often leads to. Most of those who are known as going insane, pneumonia and consumption are among them. Why not take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and cure your cold while you can? For sale by all dealers.

## WANTED—A Laundress at the Russel Hotel.

The mercury registered 10 below zero last Sunday morning, with a high wind and snow.

FOR SALE—Two houses near the South Side Grocery Store. Call on or address, Olson Stool.

Remember the entertainment of the Danish Young Peoples Society, at the Opera House tomorrow evening.

J. B. Kiely was in the city Monday, but had but little time for visiting after his business was completed as he had to catch the 2:25 train.

The man who has a bad temper makes it decidedly unpleasant for others, yet after all he is the worst sufferer.

Good resolutions are of no effect unless they are reduced to practice. Proposing and doing are two very different things.

Found, and left in this office for the owner a new pocket compass, which said owner can have, by paying for this notice, which amount we will give to the boy for his honesty.

The new hospital is nearing completion. The carpenters are practically finishing up, and the painters and plumbers are rushing their work as fast as they can.

Mrs. Olaf Michelson will entertain the Ladies Union, March 10 for work. There is special important business to discuss.

Ladies of the congregation are invited.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Ballard arrived Tuesday from Chicago, and will again become residents of Tawas City. Mr. Ballard resuming his connections with the Herald. Their many friends are glad to welcome them back.

The new hospital in Grayling will be opened March 15th. The hospital will be in charge of the Sisters of the same order that is in charge of Mercy Hospital at Bay City. The Grayling people discussed conducting the hospital themselves, but it was apparent that there could be much more chance for success with the Sisters in charge. The latter, receiving no pay, for labor and other services, but working because their lives have been dedicated to labor among the sick, are able to maintain a hospital when other nethods would fail. West Branch Herald Times.

In all likelihood the soldiers' homestead exemption law will be repealed during the present session of the legislature. It is claimed by many that it was merely a political measure, and is both unpopular and unjust. Instances have been cited in which the assessment of old soldiers has been raised so that their property would be above the \$1,500 exemption, and other cases where it was lowered to come within the privileges of the act.

There are many other reasons why it is thought best to do away with the act. Feb.

Veterans of the Civil War who have reached the age of 62 years and over, and there are few who have not, will be disappointed by reason of the failure of the senate to pass what is known as the Salloway bill. It passed the house by an overwhelming majority and was reported on by the senate committee with a slight amendment. There was no question as to its passing the senate had a vote been reached, but it was knocked out on a point of order raised that it was an attempt to put general legislation in an appropriation bill. Under the existing law there is no rating between the ages of 62 and 70 years, and the Salloway bill as amended in the senate committee provided for payment of \$5 a month at 62 years and \$10 a month at 70 years \$25 a month, and at 75 years \$30 a month. At the existing mortality rate nearly 40,000 veterans are dying annually, and as the greater number die before reaching the age of 70 years, this additional pension would have made provision for many in need of the same the few remaining years of their lives. As the incoming Congress will have a Democratic majority in the house, and well on the "land-shardwood" stump will be very close in the senate, the future prospects of relief of this kind are hardly worth considering. Bay City Tribune

M. E. Church.

Sunday, March 12, 1911.

The regular services at the M. E. church for next Sunday are as follows: 10:30 a. m. Public Service. Subject: "The Good Field of Faith—the Captain."

11:45 a. m. Sunday School.

3:00 p. m. Junior League.

6:00 p. m. Epworth League. Subject: "Numerous and Dangerous Foxes."

7:00 p. m. Public service. Subject: "Prayer for Thy Life."

7:00 p. m. Thursday general prayer meeting.

All are invited to attend.

JAMES IVRY, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Sunday, March 12, 1911.

Mid week prayer meeting, Thursday 7:20 p. m.

Prayer meeting at 10:30 a. m. Subject: "Attitudes Toward Christ."

Sabbath School at 11:45 a. m. A. B. Felling, Supr.

Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p. m. Subject: "First Aid to the Tempted."

A lesson in the hour of danger. Preaching service 7:00 p. m.

This will consist in a Sacred song service in which the history of some of the great heart lyrics will be related.

J. HUMPHRY FLEMING, Pastor.

## Primary Election.

The following figures, taken from the official canvass, last Tuesday, show the result by townships in this county, and conclusively prove that Judge Sharpe will be his own successor.

For Circuit Judge Sharpe, Harrington Beaver Creek 8 0

Frederic No. 1 13 2

Frederic No. 2 9 3

Grayling 115 2

Maple Forest No. 1 8 0

Maple Forest No. 2 10 0

South Branch 9 0

Total 172 8

Community. What is the 8?

## School Notes.

The Basket Ball boys, Frances Reagan, Clarence Smart, Harry Hill, Will Lander, Clyde Hum, Lorne Douglas and Tony Nelson have received new sweaters for playing on the team this winter.

The A class of the 6th grade have started product maps of the United States.

The new term has begun successfully.

The eagle is missing from the fourth grade room.

The enrollment of the sixth grade is now forty.

Spring vacation will be the first week in April.

Miss Alta Reagan has been chosen Teacher in Hygiene.

Miss Florence Maxson began school last Monday in the High School.

The new hospital in Grayling will be opened March 15th. The hospital will be in charge of the Sisters of the same order that is in charge of Mercy Hospital at Bay City. The Grayling people discussed conducting the hospital themselves, but it was apparent that there could be much more chance for success with the Sisters in charge. The latter, receiving no pay, for labor and other services, but working because their lives have been dedicated to labor among the sick, are able to maintain a hospital when other nethods would fail. West Branch Herald Times.

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J. HUMPHRY FLEMING, Pastor.

## Cures Colds in 24 Hours

How easy it is to take cold—dampness, wet feet sitting in a draft exposure to winds and the unpleasant results soon follow.

The head becomes clogged, it's difficult to breathe, the membranes of nose and throat become irritated, inflamed, and a catarrhal condition manifests itself.

But with proper treatment a cure is comparatively easy.

NYAL'S LAXACOLD

cures a cold in the shortest time possible

It acts directly on the mucous membranes, relieves irritation and inflammation, opens up the pores of the skin and acts as a tonic laxative.

Prompt and effective

the action of but a few tablets results in relief. Nothing simpler.

25 cents for 35 tablets.

Whatever a good drug store ought to have, and many things that other drug stores "don't" keep, you'll find here. Come to us first and you'll get what you want.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

Grayling City

Garden & Green Houses

JOHN H. COOK, Prop'r

THIS WEEK.

Hyacinths, Primroses, Cyclamen, Ferns, Vines, Radish, Cabbage.

Give me your orders for Easter, and for Flower plants, to be needed this spring.

PHONE 444.

Election Notice.

To the Electors of Crawford County: You are hereby notified that at the General Election to be held in this State on Monday the 13th day of April, 1911. The following officers are to be voted for in the County of Crawford, Michigan: Two Justices of the Supreme Court, Two Regents of the University, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Member of the State Board of Education, Two Members of the State Board of Agriculture, and one Circuit Judge of the 5th Judicial Circuit.

In witness whereof I have caused my hand and seal to be hereunto set on this 2nd day of February A. D. 1911.

H. G. BENEDICT,

Sheriff of Crawford Co., Mich.

Notice Patrons.

I hereby announce that I am in the hotel to take orders for all kinds of nursery stock, for the Perry Nursery Company. For this spring delivery, the largest in the world. The most beautiful roses to be had, at very special rates. It pays to hold your orders till I can call.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. TOBIN

A Great Opportunity.

For sale. Two hundred acres of land on the south end of Portage Lake, the finest location on the lake, the best in northern Michigan. Three cottages, fronting on the water, and two joining on the south lake land especially adapted for fruit or general farming. This property belongs to the estate of Chris Larson and must be sold. Call on or address, J. C. DETESSON.

feb23

Grayling, Mich.

For Sale.

The S. E. of the N. W. 1/4 of section 8, T. 28 N. of Range 4 West, Crawford County, Mich., 20 acres cleared, good well on the land, "hardwood" stump will be very close in the senate, the future prospects of relief of this kind are hardly worth considering. Bay City Tribune

ARCHIE HOWSE

Frederic, Mich.

Notice to Contractors.

To remodel the furniture store I will receive sealed bids up to 2 o'clock p. m. March 15, 1911, as follows: Raising of building, carpenter work, masonry of concrete basement wall and excavation. For particulars inquire at the store. All bids must be accompanied by a certified check of \$10.00 as security. I reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

feb23

J. W. SORENSON.

Village Caucus.

At the Village Caucus last Thursday evening C. T. Jerome was elected Chairman. Carl Mork, Seer, and E. K. and Geo. Mahon, Teller, and the following ticket placed in nomination: For President, C. O. McCullough, Clerk, S. S. Phelps, Jr., Treasurer, Holger Hanson, Assessor, Fred Norton, Trustees, A. Taylor, Pearl Loder and Hans Peterson.

The Village Committee of the past year was re-elected.

NOTICE

The annual settlement of the Township of Grayling will be held in the Town hall on March 21, 1911, at 4 p. m. Winslow, T. C.

## Money Saved is Money Made!

It is Easy To Save Money==

But come Quickly!

Ladies' Trimmed HATS

at 1-2 OFF.

Any Ladies' COAT

at 1-2 OFF.

Misses or Childrens' COATS

at 1-2 OFF.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

Worth Looking Into.

Just received a new lot of picture frames in the 16x20 size for only 70 cents each. The right size for Enlarged Pictures, Marriage Certificates, Family Records, etc. Also Circassian Frames on display.

Sorenson's Furniture Store

Grayling, Michigan.

Ceresota Flour!

Same as always, The Best.

Buckley Creamery Butter

Fresh every week from the Buckley Dairy Farm, Buckley, Mich.

Everything Fresh in Staple and Fancy Groceries at

BRINK'S GROCERY

AROUND THE CORNER.

Call and let us demonstrate to you the merits of a South Bend.

South Bend Watches

are carried by men in every walk of life, and owing to the superior quality and workmanship maintained, they are giving universal satisfaction.

Why not join the army of South Bend Watch owners?

Call and let us demonstrate to you the merits of a South Bend.

C. J. Nathan

JEWELER & OPTICIAN

GRAYLING, MICH.

Choice

Meats

Fresh or Smoked

Delivered to

Your Kitchen

Phone No. 2

Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or sliced.

Yours for the

Asking.

Peoples Market

F. H. MILKS Prop'r.

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Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or





# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, PUBLISHER.

FRATLING MICHIGAN.

Among other things, the automobile has taken a load off the humane society.

As yet, the aeroplane has not begun seriously to worry the automobile business.

It is better for one's aeroplane to go wrong ten miles from land horizontally than vertically.

A German woman advocates compulsory domestic service for all girls. She must live in the suburbs.

American heiresses when caught very young may be more easily trained by their titled husbands.

Five generals of the Italian revolutionary army have been captured and shot. Presumably the private got away.

Maybe the woman who received cold when she thought she was buying eggs is in luck that it was not diamonds.

Aviator Latham has gone duck hunting in a monoplane. The innovation adds to the unpopularity of being a duck.

Fresh air advocates will not be surprised to learn that a hermit who had remained indoors for forty years died of pneumonia.

Paris wants a new law to discourage dueling, the idea being to shed oratory instead of blood when some one has a grievance.

The enterprising journalist will see to it that the hope diamond keeps true to its traditions in the matter of worrying its owners.

Possibly the Chicago thieves who were betrayed by the singing of a canary have come to the conclusion that a bird on the dump is worth two in the fat.

Punny lightning picked out the Missouri statehouse as its objective. When big, tall, glittering rods are up in New York, Ohio, Massachusetts and New York.

One of the scientists predicts that the women of the future will be bald headed. Pshaw! It is dreaming. If women were bald-headed, how could they use hairpins?

The Montana bride who had never spoken to her prospective husband until a few minutes before the marriage ceremony will probably make up for her lack of loquacity.

Three thousand girls are taking a commercial course in the Boston high schools. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why schoolboys are being taught to sew and mend.

In Germany there is a dog that can speak seven words. No woman is likely to have much respect for a dog that can make use of a more extensive vocabulary than that.

New York city is about to legislate against hapsins. Being strong on one does not improve the temper of the tired citizen who must ride home packed in a subway train.

American football may be frowned upon by European educators, but we can point with pride to the fact that our universities have not accepted anarchy as a popular sport.

East St. Louis wants eggs to be stamped with the date on which they were laid. Eggs of the variety of Wizard Edison invent a box sufficiently intelligent to use a time clock.

The party who referred to the Smithsonian institution as a "wash heap" evidently labors under the impression that the specimens slaughtered by Col. Roosevelt are already there.

A New York judge has declared that a wife, even though she be childless, is a man's "family" to the extent of sharing in his money. Even the law these days of woman's rights is deferring to the lady.

A peaceful citizen who was held up and robbed by two Chicago crooks wants to thank them because they didn't kill him. All of which constitutes our notion of the uttermost limit of optimism.

A rich coal operator of West Virginia wants a divorce because his wife insisted on putting on boxing gloves with him and whipping him every night. Before deciding to break up his happy home he should have tried putting on a catcher's mask and an umpire's pad.

Russia is going to build a \$10,000,000 fleet for the Black sea. Evidently Russia isn't taking much stock in this universal peace business.

A Philadelphia woman wants a divorce because her husband allowed her only 25 cents a day. Evidently she isn't satisfied with her quarters.

It is not surprising that the remains of a dinosaur should be found in New York city. Dead ones are plentiful in the vicinity of Broadway.

A New Jersey judge has ruled that it is no crime to steal an umbrella on a rainy day. The rightful owner, however, holds a different opinion.

If that man is a benefactor to the human race who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, what is to be said of the man who has produced a new strawberry to ripen sooner and last longer than any other kind? It needs now only the producer of a summer oyster and a winter watermelon to make life simply watertight.

## THE LEGISLATURE AND ITS WORK

### THE BRADLEY BRIBERY CASE ENDS WITH A CLOSE-SHAVE VINDICATION.

### THE TONNAGE TAX BILL PASSES THE HOUSE, BUT DEATH AWAITS IT IN SENATE.

Various Matters Before the Legislature of Importance and Interest to the Lawmakers' Constituents.

BY L. C. WARD.

Senator Wm. H. Bradley of Greenville was vindicated by the state Senate Tuesday afternoon. He was accused by Sherman M. Townsend of having solicited a bribe of \$75 from Townsend for having secured him a job as assistant sergeant at arms of the Senate. The matter was investigated by a special committee consisting of Senators Miller, Taylor and Watkins and a vast amount of testimony was taken. The committee reported that while all of Townsend's statements were corroborated, the preponderance of the evidence was in support of the charge of Townsend.

The report came up as a special order on Tuesday before a packed house and after a considerable amount of fireworks, the report was adopted, but a resolution offered by Senator Fowler, which declared for the seating of Senator Bradley, was defeated. The vote was 14 for 15 against the senator. The vote was as follows:

For seating Fowler: Freeman, Jones, Lee, Miller, Newton, P. D. Scott, G. H. Scott, Snell, Taylor, Vanderwerf, Watkins, and Wiggin.

Against seating Fowler: Collins, Cook, Foster, Kingman, Leidl, Main, Moriarty, Palmer, Rosenkranz, Tamm, Walter, Water, Ward and White.

In the debate Senator Moriarty and Collins led the fight for Bradley, while the opposition was led by Senators Fowler and Lee.

**Tonnage Tax Bill Passed.** Persistence is its own reward. The tonnage tax has passed the House. The vote was 37 to 37 and the fight was a hot one, but the bill has been sent on its way to the Senate, where it will be taken up.

Another bill, which was introduced by Senator Fowler, was defeated. The bill was for the purpose of amending the law relating to the election of judges.

The bill was defeated by a vote of 14 to 15. The vote was as follows: For seating Fowler: Freeman, Jones, Lee, Miller, Newton, P. D. Scott, G. H. Scott, Snell, Taylor, Vanderwerf, Watkins, and Wiggin.

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In the debate Senator Moriarty and Collins led the fight for Bradley, while the opposition was led by Senators Fowler and Lee.

**Many Bills.** The legislature continues to pass bills. The bill for the purpose of amending the law relating to the election of judges was introduced by Senator Fowler.

The bill was defeated by a vote of 14 to 15. The vote was as follows: For seating Fowler: Freeman, Jones, Lee, Miller, Newton, P. D. Scott, G. H. Scott, Snell, Taylor, Vanderwerf, Watkins, and Wiggin.

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**Scandal Brewing.** Another bill, which was introduced by Senator Fowler, was defeated. The bill was for the purpose of amending the law relating to the election of judges.

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**Cold Storage.** Rep. Austin has introduced a bill to regulate the cold storage houses and prevent the storing of food so long that it becomes unfit to eat. It is an act of the campaign of a year or more back to prevent the storing of food in the cold storage houses to control prices.

**Cuts Off Fees.** Rep. Decker said a bill through both houses which would prevent all state officials from receiving fees in addition to their salaries. It is a number of departments but particularly the state insurance department.

Rep. Austin jumps down hard on the cold storage plants in a bill which provides such plants must be licensed by the dairy and food department and that eggs and meat may not be kept in cold storage to exceed 120 days and may not be stamped with the date of receipt.

Senator Carl Wiles has introduced a resolution for the legislature as May 2. It is not likely to pass the House, as that body has not accomplished anything yet.

The spring convention will be held on March 2, and there promises to be a fight over reciprocity there. It is also expected that it will be taken in some sections as a blow at President Taft, but on the other hand the farmers are sure to oppose any sanctioning of new trade relations with Canada.

Rep. Fleck has introduced a resolution in the House endorsing the idea of reciprocity with Canada and urging the Michigan delegation in congress to support the Bennett bill providing for this.

The junkie, a matter which has disturbed the House during the session so far is on. After overruling the speaker the House voted to refer the matter to a committee to make a study of the problem.

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## THE GAME LAWS.

### Senator Watkins has introduced three bills for reorganizing the game warden's department and revising the game laws.

One bill abolishes the office of game warden and substitutes a chief game protector, and will also be secretary of the commission, at a salary of \$3,000 a year. Twenty game protectors are permitted under the provisions of the bill, their salaries ranging from \$800 to \$1,200 a year, the average being fixed at \$1,000. A second bill revises the hunters' license laws requiring a general license fee of \$10 from hunters of other states who wish to do some shooting in Michigan, and a one dollar fee from residents. These are general license fees permitting holders to shoot protected game in season. The gun license fees are slightly reduced. The third bill generally revises the game laws in regard to seasons, and the protection of certain kinds of game and fish.

**Lord Tax Bill Passes.** The Lord tax bill, which gives back to the state tax commission the power to review local assessments on the initiative and also gives the commission power to employ the necessary help to do the work, passed the House in committee of the whole and is now on final reading. It is expected that it will be passed by the House before the adjournment.

The tax commission will then have the broad powers it had previous to 1905, when the rural members combined with the mining companies and made a most innoxious department by taking away practically all of its power.

**The Military Bill.** The Senate committee on military affairs is preparing to introduce a bill similar to one which Representative Stewart and Ganser put in the House for reorganizing the National Guard in conformity with the recommendations of the governor, unless the House committee takes action on the bill in the near future.

The bill provides for the removal of the tariff out of politics. It places inquiries into tariff matters into the hands of a commission of experts.

**Hits the Mineral Land Owners.** The Howard-Tricker mineral reservation bill has passed the House. There was but little discussion of the bill, which was introduced by Representative Howard.

The bill provides that where a property owner sells a piece of property and reserves any mineral rights he shall be taxed on the reservation as though it were a separate piece of property.

**Senator Foster's Forestry Bill.** Senator Foster's bill, encouraging private forestry among farmers and exempting from taxation such lands as are devoted to forestry under its provisions was referred out to the committee on forestry and agriculture.

Only trees recommended by the department of agriculture can be grown on the land used for forestry, and the bill requires supervisors to examine the forests each year to ascertain whether or not the owner has kept them up to the requirements of the bill.

**Peary Is Made Rear Admiral.** Both houses of congress passed the bill to give the rank and retired pay to Robert E. Peary. The bill was introduced by Representative Peary.

The bill was passed by a vote of 235 to 100. The vote was as follows: For seating Fowler: Freeman, Jones, Lee, Miller, Newton, P. D. Scott, G. H. Scott, Snell, Taylor, Vanderwerf, Watkins, and Wiggin.

Against seating Fowler: Collins, Cook, Foster, Kingman, Leidl, Main, Moriarty, Palmer, Rosenkranz, Tamm, Walter, Water, Ward and White.

In the debate Senator Moriarty and Collins led the fight for Bradley, while the opposition was led by Senators Fowler and Lee.

**Will Redraft Primary Law.** Rep. Flowers has introduced a bill to redraft the primary law. The bill was introduced by Representative Flowers.

The bill was passed by a vote of 235 to 100. The vote was as follows: For seating Fowler: Freeman, Jones, Lee, Miller, Newton, P. D. Scott, G. H. Scott, Snell, Taylor, Vanderwerf, Watkins, and Wiggin.

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In the debate Senator Moriarty and Collins led the fight for Bradley, while the opposition was led by Senators Fowler and Lee.

**Cold Storage.** Rep. Austin has introduced a bill to regulate the cold storage houses and prevent the storing of food so long that it becomes unfit to eat. It is an act of the campaign of a year or more back to prevent the storing of food in the cold storage houses to control prices.

**Cuts Off Fees.** Rep. Decker said a bill through both houses which would prevent all state officials from receiving fees in addition to their salaries. It is a number of departments but particularly the state insurance department.

Rep. Austin jumps down hard on the cold storage plants in a bill which provides such plants must be licensed by the dairy and food department and that eggs and meat may not be kept in cold storage to exceed 120 days and may not be stamped with the date of receipt.

Senator Carl Wiles has introduced a resolution for the legislature as May 2. It is not likely to pass the House, as that body has not accomplished anything yet.

The spring convention will be held on March 2, and there promises to be a fight over reciprocity there. It is also expected that it will be taken in some sections as a blow at President Taft, but on the other hand the farmers are sure to oppose any sanctioning of new trade relations with Canada.

Rep. Fleck has introduced a resolution in the House endorsing the idea of reciprocity with Canada and urging the Michigan delegation in congress to support the Bennett bill providing for this.

The junkie, a matter which has disturbed the House during the session so far is on. After overruling the speaker the House voted to refer the matter to a committee to make a study of the problem.

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## CONGRESS ADJOURNS, WORK UNFINISHED

### PRESIDENT TAFT WATCHES CLOSING SCENES, THEN CALLS EXTRA SESSION.

### TARIFF BOARD BILL PASSED BY SENATE, IS DEFEATED IN THE HOUSE.

Stormy House Filibuster at Close of the Session Forces Withdrawal of Taft Bill.

The sixty-first congress came to an end Saturday by constitutional limitation. Despite the peril that threatened some of the big appropriation bills almost up to the last moment they all finally got through and received the signature of the president.

The last bill signed by the speaker of the House was the postoffice appropriation act.

Consideration of immediate statehood for New Mexico and Arizona had been the topic of the Senate for two hours and threatened to defeat several big appropriation bills. The Senate had under consideration the resolution formally approving the New Mexico constitution.

Senator Owen insisting that the Arizona constitution should be approved at the same time, the Senate floor against all efforts to displace him until the Senate leaders agreed to couple Arizona with New Mexico.

After the two propositions had been coupled, however, the Senate voted down the resolution, 45 to 49. It was asserted later that this does not mean that the Senate will not act on the proposition.

**Tariff Board Bill Passes.** Amid turbulent scenes the Senate passed the tariff board bill by a vote of 52 to 40. The bill was introduced by Representative Howard.

The bill provides for the removal of the tariff out of politics. It places inquiries into tariff matters into the hands of a commission of experts.

**Tariff Board's Death.** The tariff board bill passed by the Senate was withdrawn and reintroduced by the House after one of the most furious filibusters seen in that body for years. The withdrawal was formally made by a Republican leader.

**What Congress Failed to Accomplish.** The tariff board bill passed by the Senate was withdrawn and reintroduced by the House after one of the most furious filibusters seen in that body for years. The withdrawal was formally made by a Republican leader.

**Comparative Appropriations.** For 1907 \$1,800,397,543 For 1910 \$1,025,537,500 For 1911 \$1,025,537,500 For 1912 \$1,012,000,000 The last is estimated.

**NEW LINE IN CENTRAL OREGON.** Will Open Up 5,000,000 Acres of Government Lands.

Portland, Ore.—The long-heralded invasion of central Oregon by the Hill lines will become a reality on March 1, when passengers and freight service will be inaugurated between Portland and the north side of the Columbia river, and Madras, Ore., 115 miles up the Deschutes valley.

The new line will open a fertile and undeveloped territory which heretofore has been difficult of access for lack of transportation facilities. Settlers have been going in by team for the last few months in great numbers, and filling out the free homestead lands. There are 5,000,000 acres of government land that will be made immediately accessible.

A ten-per-cent reduction in the tariff on the wool of the goat is being urged by the American goat raisers' association. The association is urging the reduction of the tariff on the wool of the goat from 10 per cent to 5 per cent.

A brave little barefooted girl, 12 years old, Josephine Pizozzi, picked up the life of a young boy, who was drowning in the waters of the Chicago river near her home in Chicago, and rescued him from drowning two young girls, while her little dog "Bou" was lost successful in attempting to save the life of a third child, Mary Zubora, aged 13, who was drowned.

Fraud, deceit and conspiracy are charged in a suit filed by the federal government against the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. to recover title to 3,500 acres of coal lands in Las Animas county, Colorado, valued at more than \$2,000,000.

Eighty members of the American society of civil engineers, filed from New York for Colon Thursday on the steamship Zacaapa. With their wives and other members of their families they filled the whole of the first cabin of the ship. They are going to spend a week looking over the Panama canal at the invitation of President Taft.

## CALLS EXTRA SESSION.

### President Taft Fixes April 4th as Date for Sixty-Second Congress.

President Taft fixed April 4 as the date for the convening of the Sixty-second congress in extraordinary session. After reciting the steps already taken between the United States and Canada with regard to reciprocity, the president proclaimed that the agreement transmitted to congress stipulates not only that the president of the United States will communicate to congress the conclusions now reached and recommends the adoption of such legislation as may be necessary on the part of the United States to give effect to the proposed agreement, but also that the government of the two countries will use their utmost efforts to bring about such changes by concurrent legislation at Washington and at Ottawa.

"Now, therefore, by virtue of the power vested in me by the constitution, I do hereby proclaim and declare that an extraordinary session requires the convening of both houses of the congress of the United States at their respective chambers in the city of Washington on the fourth of April, 1911, at 12 o'clock noon, to the end that they may consider and determine whether the congress shall, by the necessary legislation, make operative the agreement."

**What Sixty-Second Congress Accomplished.** These are some of the more important measures outside of appropriation bills that the final session of congress accomplished.

Providing for forest reserves in the southern Appalachian and White mountains, and for the inspection of boilers on locomotives.

Providing for the purchase in arrears of the Canadian reciprocity bill, and for the purchase of the Canadian reciprocity bill.

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## DONE AT SAGINAW AND MUSKEGON

### THE TWO PARTY CONVENTIONS AND THE NOMINEES TO BE VOTED FOR.

### GOVERNOR OSBORN SPEAKS ON RECIPROCITY; PLATFORM IGNORES SUBJECT.

Features of the Political Gatherings Held at Saginaw and the City of Muskegon.

The Republican state convention, held in Saginaw, was chiefly distinguished by the address of Governor Osborn, strongly endorsing the proposed reciprocity treaty with Canada. His appeal, however, was unheeded and there was no reference made to the subject in the resolutions adopted. The ticket nominated follows:

Justices of the supreme court: Russell C. Ostrander, Lansing, and John B. Hild, Adrian.

Regents of the university: Benjamin H. Beaman, Grand Rapids, and Lucius L. Hubbard, Houghton.

Members state board of education: Thomas W. Nadal, Olivet.

Superintendent of public instruction: Luther L. Wright, Ironwood.

Members state board of agriculture: John W. Beaman, Detroit, and Jason Woodman, Paw Paw.

The election of United States Senators by popular vote is endorsed in these words:

"This is said of the governor. 'Manly, courageous, well-poised, Gov. Osborn is giving to the administration of state affairs an ability rarely equaled in executive performance in Michigan history. The platform committee of both Senate and House to refuse all special appropriation bills to these now institutions which are not absolutely essential to their continued operation. In the present state of finance in which Michigan finds itself the most rigid economy consistent with good public service is demanded. We further commend the determination of the governor and legislature to make the present budget a sum sufficient to cover the existing deficit in the state treasury and thus relieve the state from the humiliating situation financially in which it has been placed."

We recommend to the earnest consideration of the legislature the adoption of a suitable and proper law providing adequate compensation for judicial officers."

We commend to the consideration of the legislature the passage of an act giving to the state railroad commission power of control over excess rates similar to those now exercised over railroad freight rates."

**Democratic Convention.** The Democratic State Convention, held in Muskegon, was unimpressive in the main. An attempt to secure endorsement of reciprocity was defeated. The nominees of the party are:

Justices of the supreme court: John E. Kinnane, Bay City, and Sanford, Marquette.

Members board of education: John A. Weston, Lansing; A. E. Stevenson, Port Huron.

Regents of the university: John W. Anderson, Detroit; Dr. Henry F. Kinnane, Grand Rapids.

Members state board of education: James A. Kinnane, Marquette.

Superintendent of public instruction: John B. Cleveland, Muskegon.

The platform reaffirms the platform adopted at Kalamazoo in 1910. Congratulations are extended the people on the election of two Democratic congressmen, and says:

"We recognize the merit and value in the true principle of reciprocity properly applied in connection with concurrent downward revision of the tariff, and we commend the statesmanship of the Democratic representatives in congress who have made this principle a part of their platform."

"We reaffirm our belief in the principle of the initiative referendum and recall."

The platform concludes with a sharp criticism of the present state administration and adds:

"We reiterate our declaration of previous campaigns that Michigan will never be redeemed from misrule, questionable politics and political corruption until a complete change in party control is accomplished; and the Democratic party renews its pledge to bring about such reformation of state government."

The first aeroplane exhibition for the upper peninsula will be given by Wright Bros. of Dayton, on the 15th inst. at the city of Saginaw. The exhibition will be held in the city of Saginaw, and will be a most interesting one.

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## PRISON PROBE BEGINS.

### Investigating Committee is at Marquette Prison Taking Evidence.



Throw It Far Out Into the Water.

# The SKY-MAN

HENRY KETCHUM WEBSTER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS. W. ROSSER  
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE CENTURY CO.  
COPYRIGHT 1910 BY THE SUCCESS CO.

ed him to. Don't you see? Isn't it clear?"

"It's quite clear that the brains of this expedition are in that pretty head of yours," he said. "Yes, I think you're right. Then, after a pause, he added, with an enigmatical look at her: 'Don't be too hard on Tom, my dear, because you see the circumstances are hard enough on him already.'"

She made a little gesture of impatience. "They're not half as hard on him as they are on Mr. Cayley."

"Oh, I don't know," the old gentleman answered. "Take it by and large, I should say that Cayley was playing in luck."

## CHAPTER VI. Tom's Confession.

At intervals during the day, those enigmatical words of Mr. Fanshaw's recurred to the girl with the reflection that they wanted serious thinking over, at the first convenient opportunity. But the day wore away and the opportunity did not appear.

The captain of the yacht, his name was Warner—was on shore in command of the searching party, but the first officer, Mr. Sealus, remained on board. He was in possession of all the data, though they had not told him the story of Philip Cayley's old relation with the murdered man.

"It seems to me," she said, "that the only part of the story that could be of use would be the survivors of the missing expedition. We know from the news that young Mr. Fanshaw brought aboard that there is one such survivor here. If there were any considerable number of them left, able-bodied enough to walk across the glacier, we could be sure they'd be here on the shore waiting for us. We could be certain they would have made some attempt to signal us as soon as they sighted us."

"If they weren't white men but Indians—Chinooks—they would have been quite as glad as white men to get a chance to go back with us as far as St. Michaels. And in the third place, if they were not Chinooks, but some strange, unknown, murderous band of aborigines, there wouldn't have been even one survivor of the missing expedition."

"Of course, that's not an absolute watertight line of reasoning, but it seems to me there is a tremendous probability that it's right, and that this flying man has lost his wits."

By four o'clock they had decided that, whether or not the sky-man's story might be true, it was high time to send a relief party ashore to find the lost ones.

At five o'clock accordingly, the relief expedition went ashore, and Tom Fanshaw and the girl were left alone on the yacht.

Two hours later, perhaps, after they had eaten the supper which Jeanne had concocted in the galley, they sat, side by side, in their comfortable deck chairs, gazing out across the ice-floes. The evening was unusually mild, the thermometer showing only a degree or two below freezing, and here in the lee of the deckhouse they hardly needed their furs.

"They had sat there in silence a long while. Tom's promise that they would keep a brisk lookout against a possible attack on the yacht, had passed utterly from both their minds. It was as still, as dead, still, the world about them was so utterly empty as to make any thought of such an attack seem preposterous."

Finally the girl seemed to rouse herself from the train of thought that had preoccupied her mind, straightened up a little and turned for a look into her companion's face. But this little movement of her body failed to rouse him. His eyes did not turn to meet hers, but remained fixed on the far horizon.

"A moment later she stretched out a hand and explored for his beneath the great white bear-skin that covered him, found it and interlocked her fingers with his. At that, he pulled himself up, with a start, and abruptly withdrew his own from the contact."

She colored a little, and her brows knitted in perplexity. "What an odd bear you are, Tom," she said. "What's the matter today? It's not a big like you to snuggle like this. We disagree about something. We disagree all the time, but you've never been like this to me before."

"I always told you I was a sullen brute when things went wrong with me, although you never would believe it," he said. "I'm sorry."

"I don't want you to be sorry," she told him. "I just want you to be a few shades more cheerful."

He seemed not to be able to give her what she wished, however, for he lapsed again into his moody abstraction. But after a few minutes more of silence, he turned upon her with a question that astonished her. "What did you do that for, just now?"

At first she was in doubt as to what at first he referred to. "Do you mean my hand?" she asked, after looking at him in puzzled curiosity for a moment.

He nodded.

"Why—because I was feeling a little lonesome, I suppose, and sort of

was tempted upon, owing to inexperience. Perhaps you recall that my acquaintance among girls had been rather limited. The first one he saw caught him. Thus, he might have begged the Judge to get him free, citing as precedents the affair of the young gentleman who took part in the raid. Said this delightful youth: 'I tell you what, Miss Bunthorne, we'll at Paradise Lost.' [He proposed; they reject me; they'll never guess it.] Any judge unable to appreciate the apostrophe of the citation and its argumentative potency might as well retire."

Clerks rejoice in Mr. Crawford's rehabilitation of Adam. It will be a boon to the lovers of genealogy. Most Bostonians trace their ancestry as far back as Hyman Cohen of Jerusalem or Terence O'Malley of Cork, but hesitate to go further. They are afraid of Adam. Regarding him as a sneak, they are in terror lest thorough investigation prove them to be descended from him. No longer need they quail, postiveness of the citation and its argumentative potency might as well retire."

Along the high-begged lane John Strong swung, the June gloom deepening into night. He loved to shove his face into the night; he gloried in the uncertainty of night, the indefiniteness of night, and his soul cried back a wild answer to the cry of the night hawk and the owl. Night is more primitive than day,

night is more calamitous, night is a savage, night everywhere is the true aborigine. Day has taken on civilization; night hurls the world back to the day of the war-club, the flint arrowhead, the painted visage. John Strong loved the night with an almost malevolent love. In the night he could hear the Valkyries screaming, the witches riding their broomsticks, the ghouls scraping the mold from off the new-buried coffin. John Strong swung along, his face set to meet oncoming night. Adventure.



His Eyes Did Not Turn to Hers, But Remained Fixed.

away from the yacht's side with no idea that she was running into any possible danger."

It was half a mile, perhaps, from the yacht to the particular bit of shelving beach toward which she unconsciously propelled the boat. She rowed steadily, without so much as a glance over her shoulder, until she felt the grate of the shingle beneath the bow.

She became aware, not only that she had unconsciously come ashore, but also that the yacht was nowhere to be seen. A bank of fog had come rolling in from the eastward, so thick as to render an object a hundred paces away totally invisible. The clump of empty buildings here on the beach could hardly be half that distance, as she remembered, yet looking round from her seat in the row boat she could make out no more than their blurred masses against the white ice and sand which surrounded them.

She scrambled out of the boat and pulled it high up on the beach. The fog made the air seem cold, though for the Arctic it was a mild night. Two of the abandoned buildings on the beach behind her were mere sheds, windowless, absolutely bare, never having served, evidently, any other purpose than that of storage. But the third, and largest, as she remembered it, offered a shelter that was becoming attractive. There were some rude benches in it, where she could rest comfortably enough; and, unless she was mistaken, Seales had left in the hut a half-burned candle which they had used in exploring its dark interior. She had a box of wax tapers in her pocket. She could go in there and make herself at home and at the same time keep an alert ear for a hail from the yacht.

She found the candle in the place where she remembered Seales had laid it down, struck a light and wedged the candle into a knot-hole. She turned toward one of the bunks with the idea of stretching out there, and by relaxing her muscles, persuade, perhaps, her overstrung nerves to relax, too.

She had taken a step toward it, indeed, before she saw, through the dark and candle smoke, the thing that lay right before her eyes—a rather large, brass-bound, rosewood box—on which it had not been before the afternoon, when they had entered the place, for they had searched its bare interior thoroughly in the hope that there might be something which previous investigators had overlooked. This box, six inches high and a foot long, or more, could not have been here then. It was standing now in the most conspicuous place in the room, on the very middle of the bunk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Need for Two Collars.

Having bought a dog that he admired a Washington Heights man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars.

"What for?" said the man. "He's got only one neck, so I guess he can get along with only one collar, can't he?"

"Maybe so," said the dealer, so the man went away leading the dog by his new collar and chain.

In less than a week he brought the dog back.

"I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstinate. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a sin for him to slip his collar off."

"That is why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer, "put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar and he can't tug away at night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose."

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## Particularly the Ladies.

Not only pleasant and refreshing to the taste, but gently cleansing and sweetening to the system, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is particularly adapted to ladies and children, and beneficial in all cases in which a wholesome, strengthening and effective laxative should be used. It is perfectly safe at all times and dispels colds, headaches and the pains caused by indigestion and constipation so promptly and effectively that it is the one perfect family laxative which gives satisfaction to all and is recommended by millions of families who have used it and who have personal knowledge of its excellence.

Its wonderful popularity, however, has led unscrupulous dealers to offer imitations which act unsatisfactorily. Therefore, when buying, to get its beneficial effects, always note the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package of the genuine Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna.

For sale by all leading druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right thing, but enjoy the right thing.—Ruskin.

Dr. Pierce's Peppery, small, sugar-coated, easily taken as candy, regulates and invigorates stomach, liver and bowels. Do not gripe.

## A Way of Getting Even.

Tell me!—When I asked the old man for his daughter's hand he walked all over me.

Jewett—Can't you have him arrested for violation of the traffic regulations?

## THE YOUNG BRIDE'S FIRST DISCOVERY

Their wedding, four, had ended, and they entered their new home to settle down to what they hoped to be one long uninterrupted blissful honeymoon.

But alas! the young bride's troubles soon began when she tried to reduce the cost of living with cheap big cake baking powder.

She soon discovered that all she got was a lot of baking powder, for the bulk of it was cheap material which had no leavening power. Such powder will not make light, wholesome food. And because of the absence of leavening gas, it requires from two or three times as much to raise cakes or biscuits as it does of Calumet Baking Powder.

Thus, eventually, the actual cost to her of cheap baking powder, is more than Calumet would be.

Cheap baking powder often leaves the bread bleached and acid, sometimes yellow and alkaline, and often unpalatable. They are not always of uniform strength and quantity.

Now the bride buys Calumet—the perfectly wholesome baking powder, moderate in price, and always uniform and reliable. Calumet makes the most economical, easy and certainly the most economical after all.

## FEARED THE SCREECH OWL

Woman Was Not Superstitious, but She Cut Short Her Visit to the Country.

"I'm not a bit superstitious, not in the least bit, but I don't ever want to hear another screech owl in the night," said a woman who remained in the country until the holidays. "Positively, I believe I should go mad if I ever heard that blood-curdling sound again."

"You know they say in the country that if a screech owl comes crying around the house it's a sure sign of death. Of course, I've no faith in that sort of nonsense, but all the same the coachman's mother died after the owl's first appearance."

"The owl came back and one of the employees died. It came back again and I decided that, after all, I didn't want to spend Christmas in the country and I lighted back to town. The coachman said something about the old rule, and I just naturally packed up my odds and bought a ticket for New York."

"I guess I'll shiver now whenever I think of that owl in the apple tree."

Down With 'Em.

Young Lord Fairfax, in a brilliant after-dinner speech at the club house in Tuxedo, praised women.

"Down with the misogynist," said Lord Fairfax. "Down with the cynical type of male brute who says with the Cornish fisherman:

"'William's like a wildcat. When 'em's bad, 'em's bad, and when 'em's good, 'em's only middlin'."

## HONEST CONFESION

A Doctor's Talk on Food.

There are no faster set of men on earth than the doctors, and when they find they have been in error they are usually apt to make a clean and manly admission of the fact.

One case in point is that of a practitioner of one of the good old schools, who lives in Texas. His plain, unvarnished tale needs no dressing up:

"I had always had an intense prejudice, which I can now see was unwarrantable and unreasonable, against all much advertised foods. Hence, I never read a line of the many ads of Grape-Nuts, nor tested the food, till last winter."

"While in Corpus Christi for my health, and visiting my youngest son, who has four of the ruddiest, healthiest little boys I ever saw, I ate my first dish of Grape-Nuts food for supper with my little grandsons."

"I became exceedingly fond of it and have eaten a package of it every week since, and find it a delicious, refreshing and strengthening food, leaving no ill effects whatever, causing no constipation (with which I was formerly much troubled), no sense of fullness, nausea, nor distress of stomach in any way."

"There is no other food that agrees with me so well, or sits so lightly or pleasantly upon my stomach as this does."

"I'm stronger and more active since I began the use of Grape-Nuts than I have been for 10 years, and am no longer troubled with nausea and indigestion." Name given by Captain C. R. Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Free card and letter. A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

## SYNOPSIS.

Philip Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Tom Perry Hunter, turns to hatred. Cayley seeks solitude, where he perfects a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic regions, he picks up a curiously shaped object, the head of a man, and his two companions, used to shoot at him, throwing sticks. After the explosion had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of ice, the flying machine took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder of the "flying man," and the flying machine to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo, throwing sticks. After the explosion had revealed the location of an enormous ledge of ice, the flying machine took command of the party. It develops that the ruffian had committed the murder of the "flying man," and the flying machine to capture the yacht and escape with a big load of gold. Jeanne tells Fanshaw, owner of the yacht, about the visit of the sky-man and shows him the stick left by Cayley. Fanshaw declares that it is an Eskimo, throwing sticks.

## CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"I might have saved him," he murmured brokenly. "If I had not hung aloft there too long, just out of curiosity; if they had been men to me instead of puppets. But when I guessed what their intent was, I guessed that it was something sinister, it was done before I could interfere. I saw him going backwards over the brink of a fissure in the ice, tugging at a dart that was in his throat. And when they had gone—his murderers—"

"They?" she cried. "Was there more than one?"

"Yes," he said, "there was a party. There must have been ten or twelve at least. When they had gone I flew down and picked up that stick, which one of them had dropped, and to think I might have saved him!"

Her hand still rested on his arm. "I'm glad you told me," she said. She felt the arm stiffen suddenly at the sound of Tom Fanshaw's voice.

"Jeanne, take your hand away! Can you touch a man like that? Can you believe the lies?" but there, with a peremptory gesture, his father silenced him.

But even he exclaimed at the girl's next action; for she stooped, picked up the blood-stained dart which lay at Philip Cayley's feet and handed it to him. "Throw it away, please," she said. "Overboard, and as far as you can."

Even before the other men cried out at his doing the thing she had asked him to, he hesitated and looked at her in some surprise.

"Do it, please," she commanded; "I ask it seriously."

Tom Fanshaw started out of his chair; then, as an intolerable twinge from his ankle stopped him, he dropped back again. His father moved quickly forward, too, but checked himself, the surprise in his face giving way to curiosity. At a general thing, Jeanne Fielding knew what she was about.

Philip Cayley took the dart and threw it far out into the water.

There was one more surprise in store for the two Fanshaws. When Cayley, without a glance toward either of them, walked out on the upper landing of the accommodation ladder, the girl accompanied him, and, side by side with him, descended the little stairway, at whose foot the dinghy waited.

"You are still determined on that resolution of yours, are you, to abandon us all for the second time—all humankind, I mean? This later accu-

## Adam Was Real Gentleman

Was Adam a sneak or a gentleman? Mr. George A. Crawford thinks a gentleman, and has written a very funny pamphlet to prove it. Adam, it appears, has been misquoted. He is made to say, "The woman that gave me tempted me, and I did eat."—remark unworthy the foremost man of the time. What Adam did say was: "The woman thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Mr.

Crawford prints the words "to be with me" in large, and resonant capitals, feeling that they reflect credit upon Adam.

You see what the father of the race was striving at. Required to pick between Paradise without Eve and Eve without Paradise, he stuck out for Eve. He was a gentleman. Had he been a sneak, he would have argued that he never meant to marry Eve, but

was tempted upon, owing to inexperience. Perhaps you recall that my acquaintance among girls had been rather limited. The first one he saw caught him. Thus, he might have begged the Judge to get him free, citing as precedents the affair of the young gentleman who took part in the raid. Said this delightful youth: 'I tell you what, Miss Bunthorne, we'll at Paradise Lost.' [He proposed; they reject me; they'll never guess it.] Any judge unable to appreciate the apostrophe of the citation and its argumentative potency might as well retire."

Along the high-begged lane John Strong swung, the June gloom deepening into night. He loved to shove his face into the night; he gloried in the uncertainty of night, the indefiniteness of night, and his soul cried back a wild answer to the cry of the night hawk and the owl. Night is more primitive than day,

night is more calamitous, night is a savage, night everywhere is the true aborigine. Day has taken on civilization; night hurls the world back to the day of the war-club, the flint arrowhead, the painted visage. John Strong loved the night with an almost malevolent love. In the night he could hear the Valkyries screaming, the witches riding their broomsticks, the ghouls scraping the mold from off the new-buried coffin. John Strong swung along, his face set to meet oncoming night. Adventure.





# Buy the New Ryoal Sewnig Machine

Equal to any made.  
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

## HIS HEART'S DESIRE

Dr. Lambert waited expectantly, his face flushed, his whole attitude that of patience and gentle dignity.

"Maddy, don't refuse. I've asked you to marry me since you wore short skirts and pig-tails."

"I'm sorry, Boyd, but it can't be. You know my ambition. The stage is my life. I never intend to marry."

"But you surely don't think of the afterlife? I mean when the time comes for you to give up your work. A career is all right for a few years, but in her heart of hearts a woman naturally desires a home and some one to love her."

"Don't," she declared, avoiding his eyes.

"You mean you think you don't," corrected Lambert.

"You dear old Boyd! Of course! I can't make you understand. You men prate of superior reasoning powers, but you have to own up that women will ever remain an enigma. I just couldn't be contented back in Prairie City. I must have a wider horizon."

Quickly his glance took in every detail of her pleasant suite of rooms, and of the best that the hotel afforded, then traveled back to her.

"Maddy, so I must go home with another refusal. I had let myself dream of a different outcome. Your father will be grieved. Before I left, he came to me with tears in his eyes to bid me goodspeed."

"Father has Margaret to look after him."

"Yes, and Margaret is good and kind, but you were always his pet."

"I get home twice a year to see him and then my salary helps wonderfully. Doctors haven't a reputation for being good business men. Father has thousands of dollars in his books that he will never get."

"Maddy, I must be going. It is getting near my train time," he interrupted, rising. "If you ever change your mind remember that there is a heart and home waiting for you in Prairie City."

Madeline arose and extended her hand. "You are so very kind."

"Goodbye, Maddy."

He paused an instant after opening the door and gave her one long look. Then the door closed and he was gone.

It had been six months since Boyd's visit when one night after the opening performance in Chicago, Madeline was seated at a table with trembling hands, she tore open the yellow envelope and read:

"Madeline Morris, Olympic Theater—Your father very low. Come at once."

"BOYD!"

The next morning she arrived in Prairie City. Margaret, looking tired and worried, met her at the train with old Daisy and the queer family survey. After warm greetings, Margaret and Madeline drove home.

"Father had a very bad stroke of paralysis. He can't speak," Margaret whispered. "Boyd says that he won't live through the night."

"They were hearing the old-fashioned garden in front. On the porch steps they met Doctor Lambert, a little older looking than when Maddy had last seen him."

He paused for a few moments to exchange greetings.

"I'm in a hurry, Maddy. I have to go to the office, but I'll be back in a minute."

Margaret stood a short distance from Maddy during this brief conversation. The actress thought the expression in Margaret's eyes was unmistakable; her sister was in love with Boyd.

When Doctor Lambert returned Maddy went up to see her father. He was asleep. The pale, wan face startled her and her eyes filled suddenly.

Doctor Lambert brought her a chair. She sank into it and waited five minutes or more—it seemed ages before her father stirred; then opened his eyes. His gaze fastened itself immediately upon her. "There came over his kind old face a look of unutterable joy. He made a motion that Boyd understood."

Reaching for a pad of paper and a pencil on the table, he handed them to Doctor Morris. In the meantime, Maddy had risen and was pressing kisses under his father's cheek.

Slowly the pencil moved over the paper. It was such a painful effort. Then when it was finished he gave it to Maddy.

"This was what she read:

"Dear Maddy: It gives me great great joy to have you home. God bless you. My heart's desire—you know it—Boyd and I are waiting."

"Maddy, answer him quickly. You see his life hangs on a thread," Doctor Lambert advised, rather sternly.

"Wait!" she cried, her voice trembling.

"You must decide," Doctor Lambert almost commanded. "I love you, Maddy. You know it, then why do you wait?"

"Glad to love you," she faltered.

"Yes, father, yes," she cried, hoarsely, her breath coming hard and fast in the excitement of her sudden decision. "I have loved him always."

## When Burglars Met

Patricia Weldon held the receiver to her ear and listened to her chum's voice.

"Pat, dear, do you mind running over to our house to put a few shovels of coal in our furnace? Tom wants me to stay in town for dinner. We will be out on the nine-forteen. It's an awful thing to ask you to do, dear, but we don't want the fire to go out on such a cold night. You don't mind? You are a darling, Pat, and don't forget that when you go in by the cellar door to close it gently—sometimes the lock slips and locks itself. Be careful. Good-by, dear."

Patricia hung up the receiver. She decided to go over to the house herself and attend to the fire. The Stone home was just across a small lot. She slipped her long fur coat over her tea gown and after locking her own door she went over to the house of her friend.

She found no difficulty in opening the cellar door and removed her heavy coat and left it on the smooth white stairs before venturing into the darkness of the cellar. Patricia went bravely on toward the furnace and began to shovel the coal.

In the big living room above a man sprang quickly to his feet.

"By Jove! There's somebody prowling about in the cellar!" He slipped over to a huge bag lying on the couch and took out a large, ugly-looking shotgun.

"I'll just surprise him at his own game—even if the gun isn't loaded."

The man crept cautiously down the cellar stairs, the noise of shuffling down the stairs drowning his footfalls.

Patricia Weldon took one last look into the fire and, turning suddenly, found herself looking into the muzzle of a shotgun. She promptly did the first thing that entered her head. She fell in a faint to the floor.

The man's gun fell almost before she hit the floor. He rushed to her side and with something very much like a swear word on his lips picked up the huddled mass of unconscious beauty and with shaking hands but steady arms carried it up the stairs.

When he stopped, half-way up, to kick the fur coat out of his way Patricia found her senses. She felt her self being rather reluctantly put down on the couch in the sitting room. The man sat down beside her then and with a man's awkwardness began to fan her with a magazine.

"Wake up, girl! For goodness' sake wake up!"

Patricia felt instinctively that his next move would be for water, and as she had no desire to be soaked she opened her eyes slowly and effectively.

"Who are you and how do you happen to be in Mrs. Stone's house?" she asked.

"Who are you and how do you come to be in my sister's house?" The man laughed.

Patricia jumped up. "Alice Stone's brother? She has never even mentioned that she has a brother."

"Nor has she mentioned to me that she has a new chum!"

If the light of understanding dawned in both minds at the same time neither spoke of it.

"I have just come in from a hunting trip and before that I had about circled the globe."

"I suppose the gun you were about to shoot me."

"Was not loaded. I can't tell you how sorry I am to have frightened you so. I couldn't see any one until you fell—the turn was sudden."

"It was stupid of me to faint. I had come over to fix the fire for Alice."

"If you feel equal to it now, I will get your coat and take you home. The man looked forward in his chair. Patricia looked up. "Are you married?" she asked suddenly.

"No. Are you?"

"No."

Then they both laughed.

"Because," Patricia continued, "I prefer, in this instance, to be sensible rather than strictly proper. There is no one home at my house and there is no one here to get your dinner. Now, I am not much of a cook—but I intend to get your dinner for you."

The girl looked him squarely in the eyes. "There is not a bit of sense in your sitting alone here and me alone there, especially when—"

"When what?" A light had come into Dick's eyes.

"When I—when you are my best friend's brother." She turned quickly toward the kitchen.

"Alice said there was a nice little steak and some lettuce."

"All right," Patricia turned swiftly toward him, her cheeks scarlet. "What does Alice know about this affair?" She looked suspiciously at Dick. Farel. "Did she know you were here?"

"Sure! I saw her in town and she told me how to get in and to make myself perfectly at home."

Patricia was looking at him anxiously.

"I wouldn't have frightened you out of your wits with a gun if I had known about you," he put in, defending himself.

Then Pat smiled.

"Alice is not very particular about whom she sends to for a cook."

"She knows I am not looking for a cook," Dick looked into the girl's eyes.

## HE HAD A THOUGHT

"If there's anything a man dislikes," said young Bailey Yarger, "it is artificiality in a woman! What he likes is a whole-souled honesty in looks as well as in manners! You can always tell the real thing!"

"Of course," agreed Winnie Hill admiringly. Winnie always made a hit by her promptness in agreeing with masculine opinions as laid out by the men themselves. She was very pretty—after a rich and brilliant fashion—and she and young Bailey Yarger were engaged to be married.

"That's what first attracted me to you," Yarger went on, admiringly. "A fellow can't help but admire genuineness when he meets it."

"Three of my puffs are just pinned on," Winnie reminded him, virtuously. She looked pathetic as she said it and he patted her shoulder encouragingly.

"Oh, well," he reassured her, "it's the style in hairdressing you're not to blame! You just do as others do and it's no fault of yours! What I can't understand is why women think they fool any one! A blind man can detect a drug-store complexion a block away and as for the ruby hair or the glittering golden locks they turn out while you wait—if you've got the price of well, all I've got to say is if a wife mine made such a goose of herself I don't believe I ever could think the same of her again!"

"Of course not," agreed Winnie Hill. "You've got too much sense!"

"They can't fool me!" said Yarger, grimly. "I've got my eyes open as much as the next one; haven't I, little girl?"

"You're terribly smart," Winnie murmured, still admiringly. "I always wonder when I stop to think about it, what you ever saw in me to make you fall in love with me!"

"I couldn't help doing it," explained Yarger, fondly. "I guess you're as smart as I am any day of the week when it comes to that! And did you even look like the glass?"

"I don't like to be flattered," Winnie reminded him, putting in the manner which means that a woman likes it very much indeed. "I don't like to think it's just my looks."

"It isn't," protested Yarger. "I'm not saying that they don't help. It's kind of nice to have the girl you fall in love with a mighty good looking. Besides being everything else that's nice. And your face is real!"

"You'll make me vain in a minute," Winnie said, sweetly. She regarded him seriously with her brown eyes. "I guess women like men," she added, "irrationally," because they're so child-like. "The nicer they are the more juvenile they seem to be!"

"How old am I then?" Yarger inquired.

"Oh, Winnie told me, meditatively, with her head on one side, "you're about 24, I think!"

For some days afterward Miss Hill appeared thoughtful. Something seemed to have dampened her spirits. Yarger wondered about it helplessly. One night when he called to take her to the theater he observed as she descended the stairs that she seemed actually solemn.

"Don't you feel well?" he inquired so innocently as she walked over toward the mantel mirror.

She made no answer, but opened her silver mesh bag and with deliberation extracted several articles which she carefully laid on the mantel shelf. Laying forward, she proceeded to do something at which Yarger watching her, gasped.

Winnie looked around with the eyebrow pencil in her fingers. "You see," she said casually, "my eyebrows grow so very dark and thick at the start and then wind up to nothing from the middle to the other end and that I have to help them out. Otherwise I'd look like a freak. There—how's that?"

Apparently she did not observe his stupefied silence. She went on with her work. "I've such a lot of color as a usual thing," she murmured, "that if I happen to be a little pale I look dreadful and then I dab it on gently! It's a new kind and really it doesn't show! When I have a cold in the head, as I have tonight, I always look washed out. And—Miss Hill turned and faced Yarger defiantly—and I loath gray hair! When mine begins to turn I'm going to dye it if it takes the last cent in the family treasury! If you can't detect it any more readily than you've detected my occasional rouge and my poor little eyebrow pencil I don't see that it'll do any hurt, so there, now!"

"It is your childlike trust that made me tell you, Bailey! I couldn't bear to go on deceiving you. And now, if you can't love me any more why not, why just say so!"

Yarger recovered himself. "You say paint yourself purple, green and blue if you want to, Winnie!" he said, heroically. "Somehow my affection doesn't seem blighted a particle! I guess it makes a difference who the girl happens to be! But to think I never noticed!"

"That," said Winnie, putting away her handkerchief, "is because you're a man, you darling!"

An incorrigible.

"When I started in life I hadn't nearly your advantages," said the father.

"Quite true," replied the glided youth. "But you shouldn't reproach me for that. Speak to granddaddy!"

## Nothing to Think About

"Yes," said the nice little old woman from a corner seat in the lobby of the family hotel, "I've shut up our house and moved here so I could get a little rest and quiet. Daughter said I'd never recover my nervous tone as long as I had a house on my hands to fuss over. I take such an interest in things when I do take an interest—and you know what a house is! Something all the time to upset you and keep you thinking and planning! The doctor said I needed a complete mental rest, with no responsibility and nothing to distract me, and that's why we went to boarding."

"I like it here—don't you? Of course I don't know that I like all the people. For instance, the folks in the room next to mine must be dubious. They come home at all hours of the night, my dear, all hours! They walk perfectly straight down the corridor because I can tell by their steps, but you needn't tell me that two o'clock in the morning is a respectable hour for a man and his wife to get home three or four nights a week."

"I've never laid eyes on them—not that I've tried to, of course—but you'd think I'd run upon them in the hall going in or out. Every time I hear a door close and think it's theirs I find when I get out into the hall it's somebody else going out. It's very suspicious."

"You don't happen to know their name, do you? Not that I care—I just wondered."

"That's a pretty girl who just went by—the one in the lynx fur. Oh, you must have noticed her. She's the one that sits at the table under the electric fan nearest the north window and a young man with straight-up blond hair comes to see her every Tuesday evening. There's another one calls, too, but he's not so regular. She's so dark that they'd make a fine couple, wouldn't they?"

"If people only use common sense there's not a bit of chance for marriages to turn out unhappily. Just look at the Carlingtons here—anybody can see they're unhappy because he just buries himself in his newspaper at meals and snags it as she asks him to pass anything. I didn't get a bit of salad the other night because my waiting er took it away while I was waiting for it. Carlingtons wouldn't speak to his wife before he finished his coffee. I don't see how she stands it—it's so apparent to outsiders. I feel so sorry for her that I just hate to catch her eye when I'm looking at them. She has a way of looking up suddenly when you don't expect it. I should think she'd have known by the shape of his chin that she'd no business to marry him. Some women never pay any attention to those things."

"Didn't that automobile wake you up the other night? Why, the big green one that stopped out in front of the hotel about half past three and chugged away for some long time. I think whoever came home in it hadn't any money to pay the bill—and the chauffeur had to go inside to collect it. That Grosebeck man wasn't down to breakfast at all the next morning. I know because I went early to mine and then read my paper in the lobby, and I could see every one who came out of the dining room, and he never appeared. I hate to say for certain that he was the one who came home in that automobile, but I have my suspicions. He always looks as though he came out of a bandbox, too, and a man like that'll bear watching."

"Shadows," you think that woman with the pinkish hair would get tired running downtown so much? I kept track one week and she went out six mornings straight. She wears her best sable furs to shop in, too, and that's what drives a lot of husbands to drink, such extravagance. Sable is so delicate. I should think she could keep enough useful things to do at home instead of gadding about so much. I'll warrant she doesn't keep her husband's socks darned. It's the most curious color for hair. I'd hate to say she'd dyed it, but what's a person to think. I'd like to know? Six times in one week."

"You say maybe she was going to the dentist? Oh, well, perhaps so, but I don't believe it. This time of year everybody is too busy to bother with the dentist. She was just hunting up more doddads to spend her husband's money for, that's what she was up to. I think it's a shame—and she looks so gray, perhaps he is old enough to be gray, anyhow, but if she'd the right sort of wife, instead of extravagant, he wouldn't be half worried into his grave."

"Do you suppose those clerks read the postal cards before they distribute them in our boxes? They seem to take such a long time over the mail. Mrs. Bing's, the grass widow, got one from Europe yesterday. I was standing right there when the postman laid the bundle down and it was on top. She seems quiet, but I'll warrant she's deep. Corresponding with some man abroad is a bad sign."

"Yes," the nice little old woman concluded, "I'm getting a good rest here, because there's absolutely nothing to distract me and occupy my mind! Sometimes I wish there was something for me to take an interest in!"

Easy Money.

"There are all sorts of ways to get rich."

"Yes, indeed. Some men sell bogus mining stock and some just rob the Illinois Central railroad."

## FRIENDS PLENTY IN YOUTH

But Love and Trust, Often Betrayed, Are Not So Easy for One Who Has Reached Manhood.

In youth our friends are many. Each child, thank God, is born into the world with one friend ready made, complete and perfect; his own mother. For the mother there may be regrets and insights, doubts and hesitations, but at any rate there is never a lack of understanding, for she, of all, knows the very stuff of which we are made—our strength and our weakness, our endurance and our failures. This, at least, is one of the heartening facts of life—that the child need never forget some friendship. It makes to share its activities and its interests; its love of sliding and of skating, hay-raking and paddling. Provided another revel in the same things as we do, behold! Here for childhood is a friend ready made! And for a moment the solitude of the pilgrim's soul upon its long way is disguised.

Youth, too, forms ties lightly from out the very exuberance of its liveliness. It loves as readily as it breathes. It idealizes and finds it difficult to recognize any bleak fact in human nature. If the friends seem for the moment to fall, youth has an inexhaustible fund of hope that remembers this one as the only failure, or remembers that back of the failure lies all the material of future success.

But manhood is more difficult. Love and trust, often betrayed, are not so easy for one full-grown and far along the path of life. That friendship is best which is old and which, like wine, has been the test of time. Friendships born in obscurity and misfortune are harder and more lasting than those born in ease. Like human characters, they grow strong on the very obstacles that test them; they are firmer, more strongly welded as they overcome and still endure—Harper's Weekly.

## WAS LAW UNTO HIS PATIENTS

Paris Doctor Won Strange Hints Through Their Obedience to His Extraordinary Prescriptions.

One of the most successful physicians, at least in his hold on his patients, was David Gruby, who died in Paris in 1898. He was a Hungarian by birth, but had lived many years in the French capital.

His methods of treatment, while entirely logical in principle, were often highly original, not to say fantastic, in the form they took, yet it was to them in a great measure that he owed his remarkable vogue among the most intelligent classes of Paris.

His influence over his patients was such, says a writer in the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, that he was able as the result of a wager to induce some of the best known Parisians to walk up and down the Avenue des Champs-Elysees during a whole forenoon.

In accordance with his prescription each of these patients—lawyers, engineers, writers, dramatists, gentlemen of leisure—was to swallow a prune every ten meters while walking along the avenue and this was carried out to the letter and with the utmost seriousness, to the amazement of the fellow practitioners whom Gruby had invited to witness this singular therapeutic procedure.

One of his most distinguished patients, Alexandre Dumas, was said to have obtained great benefit from a green apple which he was instructed to eat every day under the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile after a walk of a given length.

## The Spider Cure

The request for a "put to put a spider in to cure a baby's whooping cough" which has started a Somerset (Eng.) shopkeeper recalls the spider "cures" of the past. There was, indeed, for instance, the Irish belief in the web as a remedy for cuts, warts and bruises and that emigration of the eastern counties which credited it with power to cure fevers. The weaver of the web, too, was looked upon as a doctor of medicine.

A note from an ancient Notes and Queries gives the illustration: "One of my parishioners suffering from ague," wrote a Somerset vicar, "was advised to catch a large spider, and throw him in a box. As he plied away the disease is supposed to wear itself out." A similar belief prevailed in the south of Ireland, but there the spider had to be substituted for the box as coffin for the ague healer.

## Story That Got Near-Sighted Man

"While I think I am rather inclined to give, yet I try to be discriminating, not to give to every beggar with an idle and obviously untrue tale; but, said the near-sighted man, 'I fell impulsively for a story new to me this morning.'"

"Hoss," said this man as he looked at me, "I've lost my spectacles and I'm trying to get together money enough to buy another pair."

"You know if I should lose my spectacles I should be lost myself, and on that story I gave up without another thought."

## The Finish

"Isn't your new gown finished yet?"

"Oh, gracious, not the dressmaker's work on it was only completed last Saturday."

"But if the dressmaker's through, isn't that all?"

"Of course not! All my friends have to criticize it yet."

## SHORTEST ROUTE TO JAPAN

It is Along the Aleutian Islands, Which Stretch Out From Alaska Toward Asiatic Continent.

Few persons are aware that the shortest route from San Francisco to Japan is by way of Alaska. Nearly a thousand miles are saved to vessels trading with the Orient by coasting along the Aleutian Islands, rather than following the Hawaiian route.

The Aleutian Islands, which extend in a chain east and west for more than a thousand miles, are inhabited by the remnants of the Aleuts. Their war of the revolution closed just as the American Revolutionary war began. So patriotic were the Aleuts; so brave in their struggle for independence, that they succumbed to the Russians only after a conflict of nearly fifty years, and then simply because the race was almost exterminated in the struggle. While the Aleutian Islands must eventually form an important link in the commerce between the United States and the Orient, other elements of our country with the vast empire to the north in the narrow Behring Straits—the two little islands, one occupied by Russia, the other by the United States, so that citizens of the two great nations live on respective islands within a few miles of each other.

## CANNOT SHOW THEIR TEETH

Dentists at Disadvantage in the Matter of Advertising, Compared With Other Professions and Businesses.

"Men in every other profession and business have the advantage of dentists in the matter of advertising," said a man with forebears in his hand. "They can persuade good-looking young women to wear their goods for photographic purposes; the dentist cannot. The dentist's worst set of false teeth ever made cannot tempt a woman to wear them and be photographed with her mouth wide open."

Manufacturers of cosmetics and artificial hair are besieged by women who are willing to dab their faces with paint and powder and build their heads out with puffs and braids into any style of architecture desired for photographic advertisements. Neither do they balk at patent wearing apparel. The most absurd garment ever invented can find somebody to pose in it before the camera. But false teeth are universally blacklisted.

"Every woman who gets photographed with her mouth spread into a smile wants people to think that the teeth she shows are her own, and the dentist who would dare to label the picture these teeth made by Dr. Plank would lay grounds for a libel suit."

His Book.

He was very old, and he scrambled into the "pay-as-you-enter" car with difficulty. Once safely inside he seated himself in the corner of the car and began to read.

The car bumped its way along West street, past Broad, past Rittenhouse square. Not once did the old man look up. He was absolutely buried in his book, in which he gave the absorbed attention of a scholar.

At Fifty-fourth and Spruce streets the old man cast a startled glance out of the window, got up and hobbled to the front of the car. On the way he dropped his book and several passengers had a chance to see the title before it was picked up and given back to its owner.

The volume which had so absorbed the octogenarian was "Jack Spot, the Young Highway Robber; or, The Desperate Days of Devil's Gulch."—Philadelphia Times.

## Paws at Cut Rates

"A reduction of \$2 a year in pet rent will fetch the bargain hunter every time," said a sexton. "Only last week a young woman who expects to make her home in this city concluded that an all-city churches of this denomination are likely to best and would take a pew here, but when she found she could get a new chair for her about as well in another church for \$3 a year less she let all other considerations go by the board and identified herself with that church."

The cut rate pew hunter is a recognized feature of modern church life. Because a new member elects to join our congregation does not at all signify that he shares our religious convictions or likes the pastor and our service; it may mean that we charge less for the pew he likes than another church up the street.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Adjustable Picture Frames

"Did you ever see," said a shopper, "among ornamental picture frames designed to stand on desks or tables one oblong in shape that could be used either upright, as it would commonly be for a portrait, or lengthwise, as it would be for a landscape picture?"

"You know it isn't easy to find small frames designed for landscapes, frames that are longer than they are tall, but this frame can be used either way. The support on the back of the frame stand up is mounted on a disk in the back of the frame, a disk that can be turned so that this frame can be as readily used one way as the other, either upright or with its greatest length horizontal."

## His Creed

Howell—Have you any creed?

Powell—I make it a rule never to be struck by an automobile before breakfast.

## SOME MAN SOME DAY

May Make A Medicine To Cure Bright's Disease Rheumatism, Stomach And Bladder Trouble The Equal of

## SAN-JAK

But Not Yet

It Is The Only Medicine Which Enables You To Keep A Perfect Balance Between The Elimination And Renewals of The Body.

Decay Of The Body In Old Age Is Unnatural.

Permanent wastes of the system make each day a birthday for the person who has a little of this great medicine on hand. Read and learn how to cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lame Back and Stomach Disorders.

When the products of exhaustion reach the brain and deaden the nerve centers as is the case with all old people, limiting their ability to think and act unless they have the power to oxidize the acids that accumulate during sleep and eliminate them, they had better get a bottle of Dr. Burnham's San-Jak. I am 50 years old and have kept a bottle of this medicine in my house during the past year and take a dose quite often. I know it helps to give strength and activity.

E. O. Kelley, Lansing, Mich.

S. J. Washenaw St.

Mrs. M. L. Brown, mistress of the latter house, Lansing, Mich., says: "I was in a very poor health, and weak from that much chronic disease, kidney trouble, rheumatism, and I am 50 years old and have kept a bottle of Dr. Burnham's San-Jak and have no symptoms of old age, and I give this letter for the benefit of others."

E. O. Kelley, Lansing, Mich.

F. S. Hough, Esq., Judge of Probate, Lansing, Mich., says: "I have known P. A. Snyman, the daughter of Lapeer, I felt I was 10 years old with great distress of the stomach and a groggy, sleepy feeling, which the medicine has corrected. I cheerfully permit the use of this letter for the benefit of others."

Edgar S. Hough.

Lapeer, Mich., March 10, 1908.

Mrs. F. H. Curtis, R. F. D. No. 2, Lapeer, Mich., writes to tell you how much good Dr. Burnham's San-Jak has done me. I have had rheumatism and liver trouble 15 years. Sometimes my feet and hands were swollen so I could not wear my shoes. I have taken one and one-half bottles of your remedy. The blood has gradually left and the stiff joints are getting more limber. I think three or four bottles of your San-Jak will cure me completely. After trying in words is a feeble way of telling how grateful I feel for the benefits bestowed upon me by your medicine.

We will give \$100 to any church or charitable institution if these testimonials are not genuine.

Have your Kidney, Liver, Stomach or Bladder Trouble? Are you a Rheumatic, with Backache, Varicose and Swollen Limbs?

Take Dr. Burnham's

## SAN-JAK

It restores the aged to health and youth. No remedy equal to San-Jak as a blood tonic. The tired feeling leaves you like magic.

J. F. Roe, 41 E. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich. I wish to state that your San-Jak cured me of Bright's disease after the local doctors said I could not live.

W. E. Curtis, Curtis Optical Parlor, Lansing, Mich., says: "San-Jak has cured the deafness of the head and caused great deafness, his general health is better than for several years. He says it is a drug he owes his life to. He has been using it for some time, knowing that the same friends whom he cured others of, they say it is good to be rid of the constant hawking, coughing, sneezing and sleep nights without being tired and with the constant coughing and night sweats."

San-Jak is sold by the Central Drug Store, Grayling, Mich.

Mfg. by San-Jak Co., Chicago, Ill.